

From the New York Tribune.

THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

THE "Advance," Capt. De Haven, has arrived, in the order her name bespeaks, from a voyage undertaken in philanthropy, full of peril, full of incident, and successful in everything but the great object of her search. The first grand cause for triumph is, that all her hardship, enterprise and danger have not cost the sacrifice of a single life. How eminently this blessing is owing to a protecting and ever-watchful Providence, will be apparent from a simple narrative of the incidents that befell the Expedition, and the peculiar trials by which the "Advance" was tested, in those hitherto unknown and untravelled seas. Truly, God was on the waters shaping the destiny of this great mission of charity, even though fated not to discover the long-lost wanderer. But let us begin our narrative:

The American Expedition entered Wellington's Sound on the 26th of August, 1850, where they met Capt. Perry with the Lady Franklin, and Sophia, and were afterwards joined by Sir John Ross and Commodore Austin. On the 27th, Capt. Perry discovered unmistakable evidence of Franklin's first winter quarters—three graves with inscriptions on wooden headboards dating as late as April, 1846. Their inmates, according to these inscriptions, were of his crew—two from the Erebus and one from the Terror. There were beside fragments of canvass, articles of clothing, wood and cordage, undoubted evidence of a large and long encampment; but affording no indications which would serve as guides to the searchers or give assurance to hope.

On the 8th of September the Expedition forced through the ice to Barlow's Inlet, where they narrowly escaped being locked in the ice. But they so far succeeded, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, the ultimate limit of their western progress. From this they set sail on the 13th, with the intention of returning to the United States, but were locked in, near the mouth of Wellington's Channel. Here commenced those perilous adventures, anything comparable to which were never encountered and survived. By force of the northern ice-drift they were helplessly drifted to 75° 25' N. lat., and thence drifted again into Lancaster Sound, somewhat, we should say, in a south-easterly direction. The agitation of the ice elevated the "Advance" nearly seven feet by the stern, and keeled her two feet eight inches starboard. In this position she remained, with some slight changes, for five consecutive months. And while in it, the depth of winter closed its frozen terrors around the Expedition. The polar night fell upon them, and for eighty days no ray of solar light broke upon them. The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero, and sometimes sank to 46. Early in this awful night, (November 5th,) the Rescue was abandoned, for the purpose of economizing the fuel, and the crews of both vessels determined to brave their fate together. They every moment expected the embracing ice would crush the vessel to atoms, and consequently stood pre-

pared, sleeping in their clothes, with knapsacks on their backs, to try chances on the ice, mid storm, and terror, and night. For this terrible trial they had made every preparation, had provisions sledged and everything in readiness which might be useful for such a journey. They were then 90 miles from land, and so certainly did they expect that they should make this alarming trial, that on two occasions, (8th December and 23rd January,) the boats were actually lowered and the crews assembled on the ice to await the catastrophe.

During this period the scurvy became epidemic, and assumed an alarming character. Its progress defied all the usual remedies, and only three men escaped the attack. Capt. De Haven was himself the greatest sufferer. The constant use of fresh water obtained from melted ice, active mental and physical exertion, and the care of Divine Providence, arrested any fatal result; and the disease yielded to a beverage composed of a sort of apple tea and lemon juice. After entering Baffin's Bay Jan. 13th, the ice became fixed, and the little Expedition became stationary and fast in the midst of a vast plain of ice, 90 miles from any land. The stores, materials, and cordage, were stowed away in snow-houses erected on the ice, and a sort of encampment was formed with all the appearance, if not the solidity, of terra firma. The tables of ice varied from three to eight feet in thickness.

Nor was this situation of peril and awe without its attractions. Auroras Parhelia, (mock suns, and mock moons,) of the most vivid lustre, succeeded one another without intermission, and as day approached, the twilights, streaking the northern horizon, were vividly beautiful. At length the God of Day showed his golden face, (18th Feb.,) and was hailed with three hearty American cheers. Gradually his influence was felt, and the waxen-like color of the complexion, which the long night had superinduced, gave place to freckles and tan. The disease, too, quickly disappeared.

On the 13th of May the Rescue was reoccupied.

The disruption of the ice was sudden and appalling. In twenty minutes from its first moving the vast field, as far as the eye could reach, became one mass of moving floes, and the Expedition once more drifted southward. By a continued providential assistance it passed the perils of Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, and on the 10th of June emerged into open water, lat. 65° 30' N., a little south of the Arctic circle, being thus released from an imprisonment of nearly nine months, during which, they helplessly drifted 1,060 miles. While in Lancaster Sound the roar of the rolling water and tumbling ice exceeded all earthly tumult, and was sometimes so loud and stunning as to render both voice and hearing useless.

Capt. De Haven's first care on his escape was to repair damages and restore the health and vigor of the crews. With that object he visited Greenland, where he refitted. After a short delay, with unabated courage and unflinching purpose he once more bore northward. On the 7th of July the Expedition spoke some whalers, and on the 8th passed the whaling fleet by the Dutch Islands, there ar-

rested by the ice. By the 11th the Expedition reached Baffin's Island, and entered through vast masses of loose ice. Here the Prince Albert joined. They continued in company till August 3d, warping through the ice, when the Prince determined to try the southern passage. De Haven persevered in his course, until the 8th, when he became completely entangled in floes and bergs. Here again the Expedition encountered perils of the most alarming kind. The floating ice broke in the bulwarks, and covered the deck in broken masses like rocks tumbled pell-mell by a mountain torrent. The more than iron endurance of the gallant ships was severely tested by the crush of the closing ice, but they rose to the pressure, as if defying the elemental strife, baffled its fury, and, somewhat disabled, but still without a plank yielding in any vital part, rode safely in an open road on the 19th day of August.

Here, finding the north and west already closed against them, the American Expedition set their sails and bore homeward, after having dared and suffered, and overcome, difficulties and dangers such as scarcely, if ever, beset the path of the mariner.

It is supposed the English Expedition wintered at or near Fort Martyr, and thence prosecuted their voyage westward. The American Expedition, therefore, was in a position more favorable to the search. It was in a far higher latitude, and the so-called *polyna* (open sea) could not have been far distant, but the inevitable drift into the waters of Lancaster Sound was fatal to its spring progress, and fatal to the chances which the enterprise had won.

The officers and crew of the other vessels of the Expedition were all in good health and spirits up to the 13th of Sept., 1851.

The Advance brings several fragments from the encampment of Sir John Franklin, a pair of fine Esquimaux dogs and some articles of curiosity.

Thus ends this noble Expedition, without discovering any satisfactory index to the fate of Sir John Franklin; but at the same time without any evidence to exclude further hope. Sir John might have won the point which the Advance was balked of by the fatal drift into Lancaster Sound. If so, and it is not impossible, there is no reason to doubt the possibility of himself and crew surviving in those regions where nature has adapted the resources of life to the rigors of the climate.

The gratification of officers and crew on once more reaching their native land is in no small degree enhanced by the recollection that in no scene, no matter how trying, was their trust in and mutual love for each other interrupted; and Capt. De Haven retains the most lively recollection of the gallant, unflinching conduct of officers and crew.

From the Morning Chronicle, 25 Sept.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

WE understand that the result of the meeting of the Arctic officers, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Captain Beechey, at the Admiralty, last week, has been the expression of their unanimous conviction that Sir John Franklin has taken the passage to the north-west out of Wellington Channel, and that he must be sought by taking the same route. But it is the opinion of these authorities—while fully recognizing, and

even insisting upon, the advantages of immediately despatching a steamer to carry on the abandoned search in that direction—that no vessel can be started with any hope of reaching an advanced position in Davis' Straits, and getting into a safe harbor, before the winter.

To this decision we must of course defer; and we look forward to the early spring as the moment for sending back the vessels which have so prematurely returned, and with the addition of the powerful steamer obviously so essential to the search; and it remains to be seen whether the Board of Admiralty will have the courage to act up to its convictions spontaneously, or will need such pressure from without as—we grieve to say it—has alone produced the measures of which we now see the partial results.

Of one thing we feel assured—namely, that the Admiralty must regard the return of an expedition which they sent out for, if necessary, three years' search at the end of half that period, with vexation and disappointment; more particularly as it is mainly to be referred to the restrictive character of their own instructions, and to the want of those supplies to fall back upon, by which every expedition must be supported, if we would give our commanders the confidence so indispensable to perseverance in their labors.

From Household Words.

A LYNCH TRIAL IN CALIFORNIA.

A TRIAL by the Law of Lynch is thus described by a University Graduate who was an eye-witness of it, and who seems to approve of it more than our readers will be likely to do. His communication is dated from Grass Valley, Nevada County, on the 23d of May in the present year.

We are organizing (he says) a little something like society in this rising town. First, there are a few women in the place; then, hitherto we have kept gambling-houses out of it; and so, please God! we will again. As for men of education, they are to be met with everywhere in California. A few weeks ago we started a Lyceum. I felt it not out of place to bring in some pretty abstruse philosophizings in an essay I dealt them, though my reading-desk was a quarter-cask, my light a tallow stuck by three nails in a chip of wood—and my audience mostly like myself, in flannel shirt and long boots.

This country, however, tries a man. Here, as old Swedenborg says of the spiritual world, disguise is difficult. Men who have rid themselves of decorum and the scarce-felt fetters of civilized life, are here just what they will to be. I was present a month ago at the most solemn trial by Lynch law of three men accused of stealing; they were found guilty, and a terrible sentence of lashing was passed, and executed on them. One of them was what we should call a gentleman by birth and education, and had served with credit as an officer in the late Mexican war. There is an earnestness and a sincerity about the rogue and the good man, in fact, about all and everything of Californian life, which I suppose the rest of the world cannot match. The merits of Lynch law come on for discussion next week, in our barn, which we call a Lyceum. Imagine the earnestness given to the usually unpractical debates of a club, by the fact that there is not a member of it who has not probably taken a part, in one way or other, in one

of these terrible, but absolutely necessary, scenes, and may have to do so to-morrow.

You have, in England, but a vague idea what this Lynching is; how absolutely essential it is at present, only a life in the hills for some months could show you. I will describe to you what I have seen. Picture yourself on the top of a hill in a pine-forest; the stumps of felled trees lying round; a wide row of log and shingled huts on the slopes of the hill forming the town. On the hill-top a crowd of rough-looking men in beards, felt hats, red flannel shirts, and long boots. They appoint a president by acclamation, and one of the crowd, getting on a stump, explains that the object of the meeting is to try certain men for stealing a purse of gold-dust out of a store in the town. He says the prisoners are at present in the hands of the sheriff, and their committal to the prison at Marysville has been made out (here a laugh and a growl); but is it the will of the meeting that men suspected of such crimes be let loose, &c.? alluding to the distance, and the notorious laxity in matters of this kind at Marysville. Guided always by their president, (the Americans are peculiarly apt in the conduct of public meetings,) they elect a sheriff *pro tem.*, and a committee of safety, and out steps a splendid sample of the miner, and is followed by his committee. They are ordered by the crowd to take the prisoners out of legal custody, and to produce them *instantly*.

Presently they return with the culprits. The authorities had resisted, says the sheriff, in reporting progress, and did their duty as they were sworn, but were overpowered; by which act the said legal authorities lose nothing of their popularity. The sheriff then clears a ring, and the prisoners sit down on the ground in the midst of their guards, and counsel are appointed by the meeting, and are paid one hundred dollars for their services. The prisoners plead poverty. A jury of six is sworn. Several jurors named, object; their pleas are put to the vote, and accepted or refused. The people's sheriff is ordered to bring up the witnesses pro and con, and a judge is appointed; not, however, without some trouble; for those named who have held commissions in the states, protest against the legality of the proceeding, and say they are sworn to defend the constitution. In the present instance, a gray-headed old man stands up, hat in hand, and tells the meeting plainly that they are doing wrong. So far from being molested, he is listened to. At last the president is made judge, and the court opens.

The trial of the three gold-stealers takes two days, and they are eventually found guilty. One of the prisoners, the ex-officer I spoke of, gets up from the ground and owns his guilt. He had lost every ounce of the gold he had acquired by gambling, and then had drunk to drown thought. While drunk, he was incited by "that man" (pointing to a fellow-prisoner) to rob a box which his tempter knew of. This the person pointed at stoutly denies, but while awaiting the execution of the sentence (thirty-nine lashes) offers to tell where his share of the money is to be found, if they will only remit part of his sentence. The jury reassemble, and reduce the sentence accordingly, as regards the first and second criminal.

Next morning, in rain and wind, the sheriff leads out his victims; they are tied hand and foot to a tree and scourged, till, when cast loose, they lie half fainting, curled up, sick and moaning. They are hardly allowed to stay in the town till their

wounds heal, and one dies. The others creep off, and go, I know not where. I was not, let me add, present at the execution.

From the Spectator.

LIGHTS AND SHADES ON A TRAVELLER'S PATH.*

"SCENES in Foreign Lands" is not exactly a book of travels; nor is it a book containing altogether the results of travel. It is rather the reminiscence of remarkable subjects or scenes that forcibly impressed the mind of a sojourner in foreign parts, mingled with the narrative of many incidents that occurred or were said to have occurred in places where the writer dwelt. These are connected together by the thread of her movements; which involved a voyage to Leghorn, journeys to Florence, Sienna, Rome, and a return by way of Switzerland. The writer subsequently visited Paris in the latter end of 1847; and remained there during the whole of the revolution in 1848, and till after the election of Louis Napoleon.

A vein of egotism and melancholy pervades the book, owing to troubles of the writer, which are dimly alluded to; while something of the sense of injury seems to prompt her judgment upon social conventionalities, especially British as compared with foreign. The author took to writing as a mental relief from excitement, caused by "anger and contempt;" and her mind being essentially feminine, the plan and execution produce something like the slowness of magazine-writing. It is not that the narrative is unreal, still less that the reflections are forced or untrue; but there is something unreal in the tone and manner of treatment, like that of a mind unacquainted with actual affairs, and which has gone no further into things than "company" or hearsay. There is justice, however in some of Janet Robertson's remarks; especially on the foreign and English method of contracting marriages, in which she gives a preference to the foreign mode. Her book also conveys a better idea of foreign character and manners than common books of travels. The writer has the faculty of indicating character in narrative by a few touches.

A portion of the book consists of stories illustrative of Italian crime or peculiarity of manners, not without interest; but the most interesting part is that which relates to the revolution of 1848 and its sequences: the reminiscences convey a very lively idea of the period as it appeared to an individual who was not directly engaged in it, and whose vocation it was not to watch it and generalize the account till the personal was lost. Accident or curiosity took Janet Robertson into both contests, especially that of February, when the revolution at first seemed little more than a row; she was an observer of the different aspects of Paris throughout the year of uncertainty; and she describes with much truth such scenes as were likely to make the strongest impression on a feminine observer. The bonhomie, the good-nature, and very often the ready address of the Frenchman, are conspicuous. The following incident occurred on the day of the demonstration of the clubs in March:

At two o'clock I went out with the intention of paying a visit to an invalid friend in the Champs

* Lights and Shades on a Traveller's Path; or Scenes in Foreign Lands. By Janet Robertson, Authoress of "Affinities of Foreigners." Published by Hope & Co.

Elysées. I saw processions parading with flags in every direction, and in a very orderly and quiet manner; but I likewise observed knots of people assembled together, looking after them as they passed with an anxiety and interest rather alarming. I addressed one or two of them to ask if any danger was to be apprehended; but they only replied, "Ce n'est rien, Madame, q'une demonstration des pauvres ouvriers qui manquent du pain, et qui se rendent à l'Hôtel de Ville pour faire des réclamations." I walked on by the Rue de Montaigne towards the Rond Point, and, on entering the Champs Elysées, perceived them pouring down the avenue in great numbers. Still, as they all appeared orderly and quiet, I prepared to cross to the other side, where my friend lived, considerably higher up. A carriage coming along obliged me to stop for a moment at the fountain; not far from which were standing a knot of men in blouses, seemingly unattached to any of the processions marching along. In an instant one of them darted forward, and, reaching the spot where I stood, said something extremely complimentary. It only needed one glance to perceive that he was so inebriated as not to be able to distinguish whether I was young, old, beautiful, or ugly. He wore a white blouse, a red sash, the dreadful bonnet rouge, and appeared to be about seven-and-twenty, of a pale, dissipated, haggard appearance; and had an expression of reckless daring, which convinced me he was capable of anything, whether intoxicated or sober. I felt myself in a disagreeable position, for there was that in his physiognomy which impressed me with the necessity of being prudent as to how I received his salutation. I felt that if I looked haughtily and offended, it might provoke him to insolence; or that, on the other hand, if I answered with good-humor, he might become offensively familiar. I therefore quietly but gravely replied, that I felt flattered by his thinking me "belle;" and to his interrogation as to what country I belonged, I simply said that I was a Scotchwoman, "one of a nation that had always been great friends with les braves Français." In the act of speaking, I retraced my steps to the Rond Point, hoping he would rejoin his friends: but not a bit; he took his station at my side, and accompanied me across the road. I now saw that it would never do to enter the more retired streets with such a companion; so I walked up the Champs Elysées, opposite to my friend's house—he persevering in escorting me, and telling me all his private history. Once or twice I thought I had got rid of him; for several of his countrymen who met us stopped and spoke, in the evident intention of keeping him from rejoining me: but it was in vain—he shook them off, and soon regained my side, continuing his confidence. In this manner we came nearly opposite to the house to which I was going; and I was thinking in what manner it would be possible to free myself of so dangerous an associate, when we met one of the processions coming down the avenue. Two men who were walking in front seemed in an instant to comprehend the disagreeable position in which I was placed, and, advancing towards my companion, quietly passed an arm through each of his, and coolly marched him off between them.

The following is one of several scenes more or less descriptive of the distress in which the revolution had plunged the Parisians:—

Towards the middle of November the want and misery rose to so great a height that the Morgue was every day filled with the bodies of unfortunate people who had committed suicide in weariness of life from destitution, and the streets were crowded with so many poor famished creatures that it became painful to go out; and I never did so without providing myself with a supply of small coin to distribute among the more miserable-looking of those I met. One even-

ing I had occasion to call upon a lady in the Rue de Rivoli, and set off immediately after dinner, with the intention of being back before it was dark; dispensing my usual supply on my way thither. I was unavoidably detained much later than I had anticipated, however; but thought little of it, as I had frequently, in former days returned by the Rue St. Honoré and the Faubourg in the twilight, without experiencing the slightest molestation, or ever perceiving any one being spoken to when they moved on quickly, and with the demeanor of respectable persons; and on this evening, although the street was thronged with a number of the starving populace, yet they were quite well-behaved and inoffensive to passers-by. I had just reached the Rue Duphot, when I perceived coming forward towards me an evidently poverty-stricken group, in front of whom walked a man, carrying something covered in his arms: just as I came up he stopped before me, and, raising the cloak with which he was enveloped, presented to my eyes a child of two or three years old, quite dead. There lay the young innocent creature, like a waxen image, pale, stiff, and inanimate, alike insensible to cold and hunger. I suppose the poor people saw in my countenance the shock I experienced and the sorrow I felt, that I had at the moment no means of relieving them; for they said not a word, but walked quietly on, leaving me overwhelmed with the most painful feelings at this mute appeal to my powerless sympathy.

This is a lady's opinion of the Assembly and Cavaignac, about the same time—the autumn of 1848:—

When we entered the enclosure which led to their house, we found it filled with soldiers, both of horse and foot regiments; cannon were planted in every direction, and guards posted all round about, whilst bands of men under arms were ready to act at a moment's notice. So completely was every thing metamorphosed from what it had formerly been, that we had much difficulty in finding our way to the apartments she occupied, and then only by the aid of some of the soldiers. My feelings were rather uncomfortable when I found myself in a scene so completely that of preparation for war; but nevertheless I was afterwards very glad that I had happened to go that day, for it proved to be the one on which was agitated the exclusion of the Bonaparte family as candidates for the presidency. When I looked round on the assembled deputies, I think I never in my life beheld so large a mass of undistinguished-looking men; and, with the exception of five or six, I could not have said that I saw one the least like a gentleman. The debates were loud and furious; and the manner in which the members conducted themselves was quite in keeping with their personal appearance; the Mountain rose up, and the Mountain sat down; fists were shaken, and shouts burst forth; in short it was altogether a scene difficult to conceive and quite impossible to describe. At last my eyes reposed upon a most gentlemanlike person who made his way to the tribune, and my attention became fixed when I understood it was Cavaignac who was about to speak; and certainly a more prepossessing exterior could not anywhere be seen. He was plainly but extremely well-dressed; and, although not what might be termed handsome, yet there was a mixture of the soldier and the man of fashion in his air and demeanor which formed a singularly pleasing contrast to the excited and common-looking figures by whom he was surrounded. The few words he uttered, in favor of the admission of the Bonapartists as candidates, were simple and clear, and gave one the conviction of his possessing an intellectual superiority quite in accordance with his general appearance. This was the first time I had ever seen Cavaignac.

From Household Words.

A WITCH IN THE NURSERY.

In one of those moods of philosophical pleasantry and erudite whimsicality in which the worthy Archbishop of Dublin sometimes relaxes from weighty affairs, he is reported to have made the following quotation and comment :—

Old Father Long-legs would n't say his prayers :
Take him by the right leg—
Take him by the left leg—
Take him fast by both legs—
And throw him down stairs !

"There!" said his grace, "in that nursery verse you may see an epitome of the history of all religious persecution. Father Long-legs, refusing to say the prayers that were dictated and ordered by his little tyrants, is regarded as a heretic, and suffers martyrdom."

The cruel and unprincipled things sung or said to young children in so many of our popular nursery rhymes and tales, the wanton, reckless acts, no less than abominable reasons adduced for them, or consequences drawn from them, are something quite surprising. It looks as if the great majority of those compositions had been the work of one or more of the wickedest of old witches ever heard of, and with a direct intention of perverting, if not destroying, the generosity, innocence, pure imagination, and tender feelings of childhood at as early a stage as possible. We say it looks like this; and yet, no doubt, nothing of the sort was intended; neither were these nursery-poets and tale-writers influenced by any bad or unkindly feelings. The songs have probably originated chiefly with certain old grandames among our ancestors, whose ears possessed a tolerably euphonious muse of dog-grel versification, but whose heads were not overburdened with understanding, and whose sole object (such a thing as "infant education" never at this time having been dreamed of by any soul in the community) was to quiet or amuse the child, by arresting and holding its attention. To do this most suddenly and successfully, they endeavored to produce an excitement of the child's imagination, or its desires, without for one instant considering whether the seeds they sowed of these excitements and desires were of a kind to grow and put forth good or evil fruits with the progress of years. There are, no doubt, a good many delightful and harmless nursery songs and tales, and a few also which have the best moral tendency; but it must be admitted that the majority are either very equivocal, or of the worst possible kind.

Take the song of "Little Jack Horner"—does it not inculcate selfishness, or greediness? or, at best, it causes those vices to be regarded with leniency and levity :—

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie !
He put in his thumb,
And he pull'd out a plum,
And cried, "What a good boy am I !"

It may be said that the view he takes of his own goodness (or bravery) in this exploit, is only meant to be humorous, and in a way that children understand; and we have also heard it suggested that Master Horner had, perhaps, really been a good boy, and that this pie, so renowned for its "plum," was the reward of merit. Admitting all this as possible,

the fact of his sly and selfish greediness in getting up into a corner to enjoy his pie alone is not to be controverted.

The act of stealing something seems to be one of the favorite points of humor and good fun with our Nursery Witch :—

Taffy was a Welshman—Taffy was a thief :
Taffy came to my house, and stole a leg of beef.

Here are two others—

Nanty, Panty, Jack-a-Dandy,
Stole a piece of sugar-candy,
From the grocer's shoppy-shop,
And away did hoppy-hop !

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run !

The following is nothing less than the footpad's "your money or your life," adapted to the nursery. A boy with a broom sings,—

Money I want, and money I crave !
If you don't give me money,
I'll sweep you to the grave !

This is graced with an illustration in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England."

In the following well-known song, theft is made a very pleasant joke, and inculcated by the example of the first gentleman and lady in England :—

When good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole two pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,
And in it put some lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And nobles ate beside ;
And what they did not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

These songs are, beyond question, highly amusing to children. They admit of capital illustrations. In the example just quoted, the "goodly" king is represented, of course, in his state robes, and with the crown upon his head, running away, as fast as he can lay legs to the ground, with a couple of meal bags, one under each arm. In the next illustration, his majesty is represented with his cooking apron and sleeves, and without his coat, though still with his crown on, "as he appeared" while engaged in the operation of making the bag-pudding. The third illustration represents the queen, who is the receiver of the stolen goods, together with the nobles, who all come to share the spoil, seated at table "making a feast." In the concluding tableau, her gracious majesty, with her crown on, is represented holding the handle of the frying-pan, being sedulously employed in frying slices. Not a word in apology or explanation of the king's theft. If the owner of the meal had appeared at one of the windows during the feast, one feels that he would only have been laughed at, and had a piece of pudding flung in his face, or perhaps his majesty, in his own pleasant off-hand way, would have ordered the intruder to have his head cut off. No one can expect children to give up such things as these. They delight in them, crave for them, and they are abominably well supplied.

It may be thought too harsh a construction to say that murder is made a light and familiar subject of

excitement and interest to the nursery; but that killing, by direct intention, is one of the favorite subjects of these songs and tales, is but too evident. The principle of destructiveness is artificially developed by these means (and, sooth to confess, there is no need for this in human nature) from the earliest period. Even in assisting the infant to learn the alphabet by the help of signs and figures, we find that—

A was an Archer,
And shot at a Frog!

In the illustration, we, in most cases, see the effect of the shot, the Frog being transfixed with an arrow, having one hand clasped over his head, and turning up his large eyes. Some children of tender and affectionate nature, whose imagination also aids them to realize this as something painful, are affected by the sight; but it is to be feared that most of them laugh at the *fun* of the thing, and would like to do the same—and also, moreover, take the first opportunity of *doing* the same act, and other things of the sort. But in both cases, the attention of the child being arrested, its mind amused, and its feet and fingers kept out of mischief, the end in view is obtained. Mischievous sown in the mind goes for nothing.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow—
And I killed Cock Robin!

The outspoken, barefaced, valiant impudence of the answer, which is far more like a boast than a confession, finds but too much sympathy with the hearers. It is true that the children are, in many instances, affected by the sight of the deceased Cock Robin, with his legs sticking up in the air, as he lies on his little black pall, and more especially when it is found that—

All the birds in the air fell a sighing and sobbing,
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.

But not a word of the Sparrow being put upon his trial for the crime; no justice is done, no punishment awarded.

What can surpass the tragic conciseness of the following, added to a prelusive touch of the infant's Latin primer:—

Hic, hac, hoc,
Lay him on the block!

Killing for the sake of eating is by no means the most amiable picture to present a child's imagination:—

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, &c.

He shoots a little duck, which his wife roasts while he goes to kill her husband the drake. We only wonder that the writer of this song did not add the "ducklings," by way of making the family slaughter complete in its interest. But these killings are often effected (as we too often see practically enacted by children) out of pure wantonness, and with no assignable cause:—

Where are you going? said Robin to Bobbin;
Where are you going? said Richard to Robin, &c.

To shoot an old hen, said Robin to Bobbin,
To shoot an old hen, &c.

How skillfully the verses retard the "delightful" catastrophe, and how they exult in repetition! The killing of a poor harmless old hen is thus exalted into a great event. But sometimes theft is very directly associated with killing:—

Butcher, butcher, kill a calf—
Run away with the better half.

Pretty and tender to a degree, as all children feel the conclusion of the story of the Babes in the Wood—with its pathetic illustration of the two children lying side by side, asleep or dead, and the robins covering them with leaves—the previous part of the story narrates the dishonest and murderous intentions of the cruel uncle with abominable distinctness, to say nothing of the preparations for their murder by one of the men hired for that purpose, with his fight, and death by the hand of the other servant.

Nothing seems quite satisfactory without a death. The highly interesting and eventful narrative poem of "Froggy would a-wooing go," terminates with several deaths; the heroic brevity of "Jack and Jill" involves a broken neck or a cracked crown, if not both; and the cumulative lyric of "The House that Jack Built," and the companion song of "A Kid—a Kid," comprise various killings, besides bull-tossing and cat-worrying. These things are considerably overlooked, by reason of the comic images presented, and the rapid recurrence of comic rhymes; but there they are. Sometimes, however, the song takes a more abrupt and savage tone:—

Tit—tat—toe—
My first go:
Three jolly butcher boys all in a row!
Stick one up—
Stick one down—
Stick one in the old man's burying-ground!

Grim, gloomy, vague, and leaving the child's imagination to fill up the picture. Here is a lighter one—

The fox, when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake:
"I love you so well for your master's sake,
And I long to be picking your bones, O!"

This nice suggestion is presently followed by a shot through the Fox's head. But the question of "capital punishment" for an offence, is nothing in the nursery code of song-writing; innocence and guilt all fare alike.

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home:
Your house is on fire!—your children alone—
They are all burnt but one, &c.

A tailor intends to kill a crow, for no other offence than watching how he made a coat!—

Wife, bring me my arrow and my bow,
That I may shoot that old carrion crow,
Sing heigh, sing ho, &c.
The tailor he shot, but he miss'd his mark,
And shot his own sow right through the heart!

Here is another—

The woodcock and the sparrow;
The little dog has burnt his tail—
And he must be hanged to-morrow!

What a sense of justice is conveyed in the above!
And here follows a pretty lullaby—

By baby bumpkin,
Where 's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady 's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

No wonder; but a charming picture of greediness. Here is a death from a very different cause—

Little John Jig Jag
Rode on a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo;
When he came to a beck
He fell and broke his neck—
Johnny, how dost thou now?

The number of acts of utterly unprovoked and wanton violence which may be found in Mr. Halliwell's but too faithful collection—such as knocking out the teeth, shooting, cutting, and pecking off noses, cracking of crowns, eatings-up alive, bruising, maiming, and mutilating, with the wholesale John Ball, who "shot them all!"—is something quite amazing to those who look through the book. No innocent or beautiful object is spared by our old Witch:—

The white dove sat on the castle wall;
I bend my bow—and shoot her I shall! &c.
Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes."

Even the baby in the cradle is demolished—

Hush-a-by baby,
All on the tree-top!
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the boughs break,
The cradle will fall—
Down tumbles hush-a-by baby, and all!

Bravo! excellent fun—a smashed baby!—well done, old Nursery Witch! In short, the grand staple commodity of the nursery songs and tales of England, and we fear of many other nations, is death, or the excitement of killing something. Even the best of these—the most heroic, with the least amount of ghastly horror or barbarity—such as "Jack the Giant-killer," the "Forty Thieves," "St. George and the Dragon," &c., contain a plentiful amount of slaughter in a variety of ways; so that the nursery literature may be said to be quite steeped in imaginary blood. Giants, monsters, men, women, children, birds, beasts and fish, all are brought to the nursery by its tutelary Witch, and there slain under every variety of romantic or questionable circumstances.

We shall, no doubt, be reminded that children do not attach such distinct notions to these things as grown-up people; that they do not realize these horrors to their minds; that they, in a certain sort, comprehend them as things of fancy, and "make-believe." Heaven preserve us all, if this were not so! We should all become Guerilla soldiers, or Gordon Cummings at the very best, if it were otherwise; and probably thieves and Thugs, so far as education and early tastes are concerned. But we are all aware that it is most wisely and happily ordained differently by the complex construction of the mind; so that these horrors, with nearly all children, are not accompanied with the frightful sense of realities and facts. But will anybody say that they do not act upon the imagination—that they do not furnish it with dreadful "materials for thinking," as well as for *dreams by night*? Not a doubt of it. Children differ, and the injury will, therefore, be a question of degree; but that it is an

injury of some kind to all, no one who gives the subject a fair amount of consideration will fail to perceive.

We cannot find space to speak of the various churchyard horrors, as they generally involve a story. Suffice it to say that Monk Lewis has borrowed his "worms that crept in," and "worms that crept out," from one of our nursery songs. A few off-hand murders "for tiny hands" are all we will offer—preluding them with an appropriate nursery incantation:—

Hinx! minx!
The old Witch winks!
The fat begins to fry!

Little Dickie Dilver
Had a wife of silver:
He took a stick and *broke her back*,
And sold her to the miller:
The miller would n't have her—
So, he threw her in the river!

I'll tell you a story about Joll McRory;
He went to the wood, and shot a Tory!
Then he came back and told his brother,
And they went to the wood, and shot another!

Cool, easy, wanton, funny sort of murders, these! And here is a reward for an old servant—

Barnaby Bright was a sharp little cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he 's grown old, and can no longer bark—
He 's condemned by the parson to be hang'd by the clerk.

The four next, all of which we find in Halliwell's Collection, are more practically hideous than we were previously aware our nursery literature, rich as we knew it to be in these things, could furnish:—

Who goes round my house this night?
None but bloody Tom!
Who steals all the sheep at night?
None [left] but this poor one.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed:
Here comes a chopper!—to chop off your head.

If she'll bear [a wild mare]
We'll give her some grains;
If she won't bear—
We'll dash out her brains!

When I went up a sandy hill
I met a sandy boy, O!
I cut his throat—I suck'd his blood!
And left his skin a hanging, O!

We will defy any collection of Nursery Rhymes, of the country, to beat the above, for everything that such rhymes ought *not* to describe—unless, indeed, some of the old Scotch rhymes and nursery legends.

There was once a cruel mother, who murdered one of her daughters, and made a dish of meat of the body, which she gave her husband, who devoured it. * * * The father, enraged at the death of his favorite child, immediately killed the mother.

Pippety Pew!
My mother me slew!
My father me ate! &c.
Nursery Legends and Ballads of Scotland.

An old Scottish ballad of "Croodlen Doo," which follows, is a case of poisoning, by a step-mother. The editor also gives us the following riddle:—

I sat wi' my love, and I drank wi' my love,
And my love she gave me a light, &c.

Solution.—I sat in a chair made of my mistress' bones; I drank out of her skull; and was lighted by a candle made of her tallow!

There are two other special features which strike us continually in our nursery doggerels—and these are the mercenary spirit they display on nearly every suggestion of marriage, and also their coarse vulgarity.

What care I how black I be,
If twenty pounds will marry me?
If twenty won't, forty shall—
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

And if you 'll consent to marry me now,
I 'll feed you as fat as my grandfather's sow.

What is your fortune, my pretty maid? &c.

She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I 've been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I 'll never go there any more.

Robin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than four-score men, &c.

Oh, sir! I will accept of the keys of your chest—
And count your gold and silver *when you are at rest.*

The lady, in the foregoing, had refused his offer, until the chest was mentioned.

The butcher that killed this ram, sir,
Was up to his knees in blood, &c.

Hannah Bantry in the Pantry,
Eating a mutton bone;
How she chaw'd it, how she gnaw'd it,
When she found she was alone.

See, saw—Margery Daw, &c.

Who comes here?
A grenadier, &c.

There was a lady loved a hog, &c.

To whom are we indebted for these gross vulgarities? The solution, we think, obvious. The great majority of these rhymes are no doubt the composition of uneducated old nurses and beldames of olden times—old gossiping crones, who little dreamed of the honor in store for them in the speculated labors of learned collectors and editors, "with print and gloss." They sung what came uppermost; the rhymes grew and grew, and were handed down. In such an immense quantity, the total absence of all beauty—of all prettiness, childish grace, and innocence, is something quite wonderful; and is explicable in no other way.

As for our tales and stories, they are very often of foreign growth. Several of our most famous stories also exist, with certain national varieties in each, in the Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, French, and German literature of the nursery.

We are accustomed to attribute to the Germans, in their social and domestic relations, a greater simplicity of mind, life and manners, than is found among ourselves. This circumstance, added to their natural disposition to reflect and philosophize on all subjects, would have led one to expect that in so important a consideration as the very earliest ideas and influences presented to the opening mind of a child, the greatest care would have been taken to communicate nothing but the purest and most

amiable pictures, thoughts, and general impressions. We do not find this to be the case. Their nursery songs and tales are not, in general, so cruel and tragical as ours, nor do they contain so many vicious and unprincipled influences; but great numbers of them are of the most injurious kind. The Witch of the German nursery, though more romantic and fanciful than ours, is scarcely less inconsiderate and mischievous. Her chief purpose often appears to be the infliction of punishments upon disobedient children in a summary way, as a direct consequence of that disobedience or naughtiness. It is intended to warn children by these means; but the punishments are usually so severe and remorseless, and so disproportioned to the offence, that we think they must have a greater tendency to inculcate a spirit of vengeance, injustice, and cruelty, than to instil the lesson of obedience and caution which we intended.

One of the most popular of the German collection of poems of the nursery is one of the least objectionable. They are not songs, but little tales in verse, and the collection is called after the figure on its title-page—*Der Struwwelpeter*, who is a short, thick-set, clownish fellow, in a red blouse, and long green gaiters, the nails of whose fingers have grown to a length that resemble lobster's horns, while the hair of his head is all unshorn, and flying about in outrageous disorder. There are no portraits, or stories of goodness; nothing is shown but naughtiness and its punishment. In the poem of "Naughty Frederick," you see him begin with pulling off the legs and wings of flies; he then kills a bird in its cage by throwing a chair at it; beats his nursemaid with a whip; and finally assaults a dog who is quietly drinking from a pump. The dog tears his leg, the blood from which, in the most approved bad style of all nursery pictures, (the last sort of things that should be shown to children,) makes a very important feature in the illustration. Frederick is then put to bed; the doctor gives him nauseous physic, and the dog eats Frederick's dinner, sitting up at table, in the boy's chair. Which being translated runs thus—

The dog receives sick Frederick's plate,
And on his great cake now shall dine;
His liver-pudding next he ate;
And, being thirsty, drank his wine.

But this is moderate enough; the next poem advances the principle of vengeance much further. In the story of the girl who plays with the lucifer-match box, you see a girl approaching a table, on which is placed a box of lucifers; two black cats are seated beneath the table, each holding up one fore-paw to warn her, or remind her that she is not to touch the box. She lights a match; the two cats repeat their warning gesticulation. In the third picture she is enveloped in red and yellow flames, (a horrible daub, of course, but not the less horrible to a child's imagination,) and the black cats have elevated both paws with a mixture of horror, and of "We told you so!" The last picture shows a little heap of smoking cinders, with two shoes floating on a stream of water, which is caused by the "flood of tears" poured forth by the inconsolable cats. This latter touch of tenderness and commiseration almost redeems the story.

And the tears of the cats kept flowing, *Meen! Wo!*
Like a rill through a meadow, *Myori Ro! O! O!*

The next poem is called *Die Geschichte von den schwarzen Buden*, (The History of the Black Boy,)

which is very good. A negro boy is enjoying a walk beneath a bright green umbrella, and is followed by three schoolboys, with all manner of derision and insult. St. Nicholas, in a brick-dust colored morning gown, yellow slippers, black and cherry smoking-cap, and blue hair and beard, beckons the three boys to him, and dips them one by one into his great inkstand. The last illustration represents the negro boy still on his walk beneath his bright green umbrella, and followed by the three boys, each of whom is now twice as black as the object of their ridicule. The next poem—the story of “The Sportsman”—is highly amusing and harmless. The illustrations are excellent. The Sportsman is a Berlin shop-keeper, or tradesman, in full *Jäger* costume, having a new grass-green jacket, powder-horn and game-bag, with the addition of a huge pink comforter. He carries a prodigious duck-gun over his shoulder. The first picture displays him setting out on his grand excursion after game, while on a little bank behind him screened by some large leaves, sits a Hare, “taking a sight” after him with her fore-paws. The next picture shows the Sportsman lying fast asleep at the foot of a tree. The Sun, with a highly humorous face, looks down upon him, and the Hare is seen carrying off his duck-gun and spectacles. In the third picture, we see the Sportsman in full flight, running before the Hare, who with spectacles on nose, and the long gun at her shoulder, is taking deliberate aim at him. The Sportsman makes for his home, and has just reached the well near the door, when the Hare fires from a rising ground behind.

Now ran the Sportsman from his game,
Till close beside a well he came,
And in he jumped ! His need was great,
For bang went the gun, and just missed his pate.

You see his heels disappearing at the same moment that his wife, who was sitting at the window taking coffee, has the cup and saucer knocked out of her hand by the bullet; and the Hare's little daughter catches the falling spoon in an ecstasy of delight and surprise—which must no doubt be shared by all the children who read it. It is beyond all comparison the best poem in the collection of *Struwwelpeter*. The poem of the *Daumen-Sutscher* (“The Thumb-Sucker”) is of an opposite kind; being extremely painful to contemplate, and without anything picturesque to redeem or lessen its ugly cruelty. A lady expects her son to be very good during her absence, and above all things not to suck his thumbs. If he persists in this bad habit, she warns him that the Tailor will come and cut them off with his shears. The lady goes out, and—*wupp!* goes the thumb into the mouth; and in the next picture you see the Tailor—a regular German skip-jack with long flying legs—dancing towards the boy, and catching one of his thumbs between his long shears, which causes the boy to throw up one leg from excessive pain. In the last picture, the boy appears with both thumbs cut off, and the blood trickling down his fingers. The poem of “Little Kaspar and the Soup” (*Suppen-Kaspar*) is not much better. Kaspar refuses to eat his soup—soup being thought in Germany to be very good for children. Illustration of the first day displays Soup-Kaspar very fat; in the second day, he is thin; in the third—still refusing to take soup—he is wretchedly meagre; in the fourth day, he is reduced to a mere dark outline; and the illustration of the fifth day is a little grave with a cross for a tombstone.

By the fourth day's end he was like a shade;
About half an ounce was all he weighed;
On the fifth he was dead—and his grave was made.

As for invention, however, we find abundance of it in the tales and fables of German nursery literature; our grand complaint is the misapplication of the faculty. A heap of these little volumes lies before us, each of them containing several stories, and one of them no less than a hundred and fifty. It would occupy too much space to give an outline of many of these; suffice it to say, that they are full of horrors and other alarming things, most improper for children to read, however they may be attracted by the fascinating excitements. We find accounts of cheating, thieving, murdering, the deathbed of a blasphemer, the appearance of ghosts of various kinds, and of death and the devil. The illustrations are but too good, and would never be forgotten by children of a vivid imagination. A special example or two will be enough. In Heinrich Bombard's *Drei Erzählungen für Kinder* (Three Tales for Children) a virtuous king is caused by magic to fall in love with a witch. He is already married, but nevertheless he takes the witch home to his palace. At the instigation of the witch, this good king is made to order his queen to be burnt, and the hearts of his children to be cut out. (This Witch of the German Nursery may rival, if not surpass, the worst of our own.) The intended victims escape from her fangs; but not till the infant readers have tasted the horrors of anticipation.

The best of these volumes of tales are by Heinrich Smidt, and by Christoph von Schmid, the justly celebrated author of “*Ostereier*” (Easter-eggs) and other excellent stories for children. Each of these writers possesses a fertile imagination, and a poetical fancy, and the latter especially has a charming simplicity of style, and a graceful humor. We must, nevertheless, enter our protest against many of the images they present to the infant imagination. In *Der Wunderarzt* (the Wonderful Physician) of Christoph von Schmid, he makes a poor man seek a godfather for his child. All those he asks refuse him. A hunter then offers himself, and is accepted—when the poor man, looking more attentively at the hunter, perceives that he has long claws and a cloven foot! He hastily retreats, and finally, getting into a churchyard, Death approaches him—offers himself as a godfather—and is accepted. Whereupon Death, “dressing himself in a proper manner,” accompanies him to church, and goes through the ceremony in a grave and respectful manner. To speak, however, in general terms, this author well deserves the reputation he possesses as a writer of juvenile tales. The brothers Grimm are too fond of terrors.

In the nursery rhymes we have taken from other countries, it is to be regretted that we have often vulgarized, not to say barbarized them. The little verse of “Open your mouth and shut your eyes,” &c., is derived from the more tender and graceful Italian—

Figliuolina di Jesu,
Apri la bocca e guarda in su !

The Tuscan rhyme of—

Chiocciola, chiocciola marinella,
Butta fuori le tu' cornella !

has been abused by our Witch into—

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I 'll beat you as black as a coal.

It is curious to trace in these nursery songs the national tendencies of different races of people. With us, the great majority are little acts of physical force; with the Italians, the nursery songs are for the most part little love-ditties.

The grand theory of the nursery for obtaining quiet; for causing a little one to go to sleep "like a good child," as well as for teaching it to be obedient when awake, is almost invariably some dreadful threat, or some actual terror. Here is a "Cradle Song," (translated, we believe, from the German,) from the "Illustrated Book of Songs for Children." One of the verses is very beautiful:—

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Several other verses are also exceedingly pretty, and to the purpose; but in case the child should not by this time go to sleep, we are furnished with the following:—

Sleep, baby, sleep,
And cry not like a sheep,
Else will the sheep-dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Away! and tend the sheep—
Away! thou black dog fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

The little trembler in the cradle is thus adroitly taught to "sham sleep," and not to cry for fear of the black dog fierce and wild.

To give an adequate idea of the euphonious dance of the doggerel nursery songs of a foreign country is scarcely possible. We have therefore not attempted to do so, with regard to the German, and still less shall we venture it with the French. But, by taking the liberty of retaining the original chorus, which is obviously quite untranslatable, we may venture upon a verse from one of the favorite songs of the Nursery-Witch of France.

There was a little man,
All dressed in gray was he—
Curabi,
Ton, ton,
Carabon!
Neighbor Guillerie,
His death would you like to see? &c.

The song proceeds in this strain through a number of little adventures, varied according to the inventive genius of the nurse, and concluding with any sort of death which the special Witch of the French nurseries may take it into her head to imagine. The old song of "*Malbrouk*" is also a favorite with children in France. They take most delight in his comical wars, and yet more in his death, and his grand funeral procession—where "one carries his great sabre," another his cocked hat and feather, another his "leathern smalls," &c. Here, also, is a universal favorite among nursery songs, well deserving to be so; but we believe the French are indebted to us for the original:—

Petit Bo-Bouton
A perdu ses boutons,

Et ne sait pas qui les a pris;
O laissez-les tranquilles,
Ils viendront en ville,
Et chacun sa queue après lui.

It must, however, be observed that French songs of this class are very few indeed; such a thing as a collection of nursery songs does not exist in France.

The modern French nursery tales, which are at present most in vogue, are of an utterly insipid description. They are precisely of that kind of tame moral purpose, without anything to excite the imagination, the feelings, or the fancy, which have the least degree of attraction for children. The titles of many of them are sufficiently indicative of their inanity. "*L'Ami-des Enfants*," "*Les Délassements de l'Enfance*," "*Le Modèle des Enfants*," (only fancy a prosy little prig of a model-child!) "*Les Enfants studieux*!" &c. Out of a considerable number of little volumes now on sale for children, we recently looked through "*Douze Histoires, pour les Enfants de six à huit ans*," published in Paris at Librairie de l'Enfance et de la Jeunesse. In these, and most other French juvenile tales of our day, there is an utter want of invention and of interest.

But it was not always so in France. Far from it. Some of the most exciting, romantic, graphic, and graceful of our own old stock of fairy-tales are derived from the French; and we are bound to add, some of those which, from their horrors and cruelties, are the most alarming to the apprehensive imagination of children, filling them with vague terrors; thus rendering them unable to be left alone in the dark, and tending in other respects to injure the healthy tone of the mind and feelings. What will be said by some of our nursery-tale loving grandmamas and old nurses, when they hear that their old favorite story (and, alas! ours too) of "Blue Beard," is of French origin? Yes, Blue Beard, with his great red face, staring round eyes, bushy eyebrows, hungry, remorseless mouth, his great loose crimson Turkish trouser-bags, his yellow slippers, his jewelled belt and turban, his long beard, painted blue by no niggard hand, and his immense broad crooked scymitar—this magnificent nursery monster, with his blood-stained closet, where his group of former wives all stood up with their heads cut off—this horrible old Blue Beard, we rejoice to say, is not of English origin; and we are only too sorry that he should ever have become so tragically popular among our infant minds. "Little Red Riding Hood," another most popular and delightful tale, from the excitement and the tearful pity it causes, but nevertheless one of the most shocking and cruel of all tales—this also is derived from the French. Shall we ever forget our childhood's impressions on first hearing it related by an old nurse—especially that final part where the Wolf having eaten Red Riding-hood's poor old sick grandmama, and got into her bed dressed in her night-gown and cap, asks the little girl to undress herself and get into bed with her, as she is so cold. We think even now we see and hear our old nurse imitating the hypocritical Wolf, in the dreadful dialogue of "What great eyes you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to see you, my dear." "What a great nose you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to smell you, my dear." (Is not this truly dreadful to a listening child?) "What a large mouth and great sharp teeth you've got, grand'ma!" "The better to eat you up!"—and Little Red Riding-hood is accordingly torn

to pieces, and devoured, which is usually represented by a sudden rush towards the little trembling listener. Will any mother in the world, who once brings her mind to think of it, say that such stories and pictures are fit for children? Will she not at once see that they are among the very worst images, emotions, and influences that could possibly be communicated to an infant mind? But we have no thought of being unjust or ungrateful to the French—for the beautiful story of "Cinderella" belongs to them; and so, we believe, does the delightfully romantic tale of "Puss in Boots" (*Le Chat Botté*.) Beranger has more recently given us a portrait of the celebrated Marquis de Carabas, of a very picturesque and amusing kind. The pretty story of the "White Cat" also belongs originally to France. Some of these stories appear to be of Norman origin.

We have not spared our own nursery literature; and though we admit that Germany is greatly in advance of us in respect of its tales for children, (those, we mean, which are written by the best authors of this class,) we have something to add from the evil stock they possess. We will conclude our list, which too truly may be entitled "horrid deeds for infant minds," with a few selections from the *Undertundfünfzig moralische Erzählungen für kleine Kinder*, von Franz Hoffmann.

This Franz Hoffman, besides his story of "Loango," which is full of the most atrocious butcheries, and other horrors in slave-ships and among tigers (with prints to match); and his story of the "Evil Spirit," in which a king murders the father of his wife, and makes a drinking-cup of his skull, out of which he compels his wife to drink; besides these more than bewitched, these demoniacal stories, he has composed the above-mentioned "Hundred-and-fifty moral Tales for little Children." With very few exceptions, one principle pervades them all. We have heard of a certain traveller who inquired of the king of a savage tribe as to his penal code. His black majesty calmly replied: "Our code is perfect. Our least punishment is death." The suggestion of gradations of torture was sufficiently obvious. So of this author's code of morals, in writing stories for the good of children, as he pretends, and the correction or prevention of their disobedience. We should prefer death, as the lesser punishment, instead of many of the shocking mutilations he depicts, as the consequence of little acts of wilfulness in children. A boy has been told not to swing so high; he forgets the injunction, and has a fall, which fractures his leg. A little girl, named Meta, plays with scissors, after being warned—and jabs out one eye. But the author, not content with this, follows up poor Meta, for putting pins in her mouth. She happens to have some in her mouth, when her aunt, whom she loves, suddenly arrives, and in joy of the moment, running to embrace her, little Meta falls—pins stick in her throat—she suffers tortures, and then dies. A little boy gets upon a great horse—the horse runs away with him—the little fellow is thrown—breaks his arm, and the author takes care to inform his young friends that the broken arm caused "frightful pain." Another boy gets up a tree after a hawk's nest. As a salutary warning, the hawk tears out one of his eyes, and we are assured that the boy "remained a hideous object all his life." As to what the king of the savages called his "least" punishment—namely death—there is abundance of it in this book; but in most

cases it is attended or preceded by torture; bites of adders, and apes, tearing of limbs by dogs, shots from guns, and lacerations from fox-traps, tumbles headlong from high towers, drownings, pursuits by lions, &c., most impressively illustrated by prints and vignettes. We hence discover that the "morality" of these tales is that of vengeance, and its code one of the most cruel for the most common of children's offences.

In educational books—education of children by means of books of a direct and practical kind—we are supplied to overflowing. More than enough have we of little primers of all the arts and sciences, and geographies, and histories, and the useful knowledges; but, of books well suited to the earliest and best feelings, and the purest moral principles, as indirectly, but no less profoundly, instilled through the heart and the imagination—oh! how few, in comparison with the masses of trash, or of sanguinary and otherwise unwholesome excitement! At the top of the best of this class of books we should place the children's stories of Hans Christian Andersen; and (with the exception, here and there, of an objectionable touch of the dark and terrific) those of the author of the "*Ostereier*;"—the "*Fable Book*," of Otto Speckter; the "*Alte und Neue Kinderlieder*," collected by G. Scherer; the German "*A. B. C. Buch*,"—both these latter being illustrated by several of the first artists in Germany. There the first artists really are engaged for the purpose; with us it is only pretended, as a matter of advertisement. Hence the extraordinary superiority of the foreign illustrations. The fanciful magic tale of "Good Lady Bertha's Honey Broth," from the prolific pen of Alexander Dumas, is far surpassed in the fertility of necromantic invention by the extraordinary designs furnished by an eminent artist. Our own authors, the few who have written excellent stories and songs for children—Mrs. Barbauld, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Marcet, Miss Martineau, Mrs. Harriet Myrtle, Jane and Emily Taylor, the authors of "Parent's Cabinet," and some others—how much more extensive would have been their success had they found such artists to illustrate their books, as we find with the best of those produced in Germany, France, and Holland! And here we may mention that we have never met with songs more pure and innocent, and more truly adapted for children, than those of the Dutch poet, Van Alphen (*Kleine Gedichten voor Kinderen, door Hieronimus van Alphen*.) The "*Gouden Boeken*" of Van Hasselt, another Dutch poet, is also worthy of high commendation for the same reasons. The illustrations are excellent; the verses of charming simplicity and innocence.

But now we may be asked—will children be interested in this purity—this innocence? Is it not too much like themselves, and do they not crave for more exciting aliment? Do they not delight in horrors, and such things? Not a doubt of it. In like manner, children of a larger growth delight in gin, and take other stimulating things to excess. If a child cries for a nice mixture of poisoned plums and sweetmeats, are we to give them because of the pleasure they excite at the moment? There is no philosophy, no moral firmness, in this; though it may be natural enough in a bookseller to advance such an argument. His object is to supply a market. What children like, is considered "the demand," and obedient parents, bowing to indulgent children, obtain whatever the rosy-cheeked little tyrants require.

What is to be done for children in this matter? The first step towards a reform that will strike most people, is by no means so easy of practical accomplishment. Some years ago, the author of "The Good-natured Bear—a Story for Children of All Ages," went to a publisher, eminent for his juvenile books, and proposed the following work. He wished to awaken parents and guardians of children to the condition of nursery literature, and to warn them against a heap of "favorite" books and tales, as of most injurious tendency. The publisher was struck with the proposal; but, after some days' consideration, he demurred to it, on the ground of the large amount of capital already embarked, by many respectable houses in the trade, in these very books; hundreds of thousands of which were profusely illustrated, and great numbers beautifully bound; he therefore thought it would seem invidious towards the trade, and that his motives would, at best, be misconstrued. The Good-natured Bear saw some reason in this, or, at any rate, received it as a good commercial objection; and, bowing to fate, agreed to modify his original proposal. Instead of denouncing all the bad books and tales by name, with all their death-dealing and alarming illustrations, he now proposed to denounce them only in general terms, on broad principles—

From the New York Ev. Post.

NEW POEMS.

WE are glad to be told that Ticknor, Reed & Fields have in press, and will shortly publish, a collected edition of the poems of one of our most promising young writers, Mr. R. H. Stoddard. From the proof-sheets, which are before us, we select a few of the verses. The following might serve as a proem to the whole:—

How are songs begot and bred?
How do golden measures flow?
From the heart, or from the head?
Happy Poet! let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
How the south wind shapes its tune—
The harper he of June!

None may answer, none may know;
Winds and flowers come and go,
And the self-same canons bind
Nature and the Poet's mind.

There is a peculiar and strange effect in these graceful lines:—

The yellow moon looks slantly down
Through sea-ward mists upon the town;
And like a mist the moonshine falls
Between the dim and shadowy walls.

I see a crowd in every street,
But cannot hear their falling feet;
They float like clouds through shade and light,
And seem a portion of the night.

The ships have lain for ages fled,
Along the waters, dark and dead;
The dying waters watch no more
The long black line of spectral shore.

There is no life on land or sea,
Save in the quiet moon and me;
Nor ours is true, but only seems,
Within some dead old world of dreams!

and to specify by name only such books, tales, and songs as were good—beautiful and poetical in spirit, or humorous and amusing; and in no case containing cruelties, horrors, vices, and terrors of any kind. The publisher rubbed his hands with a beaming smile. "This will do," said he; "this will do; and, by the way, I have myself published a number of books, exactly of this latter kind—beautiful in poetry, amiable in prose, humorous and amusing in spirit; and the illustrations and binding among the best in the trade; all of which you would, no doubt, specially mention." The Good-natured Bear was carried, fainting, into a cab.

Where is a reform in the nursery library to come from? A real reform, both in the spirit, and the letter, and not a "sham," that will look well in the advertisements! One cannot expect it to come from the children; for they are fascinated by what they fear. Almost as little reasonable will it be to expect such a reform to originate with the publishers of children's books, nearly all of whose present stock in trade is full of the old leaven of direct evil, or reckless fun. The real reform must begin with the parents. Directly they begin to *think*, the publishers will feel it, and respond.

In the subjoined verses "To a Nightingale," the spirit, rather than the measure or thought, recalls the famous poem of Keats:—

Awake, thou melancholy bird,
The tale of ancient wrong;
For every shepherd's heart is stirred
To hear the solemn song.

From woods of Thrace in autumn hours,
No longer there to rest,
Thou cam'st into our western bowers,
To build awhile thy nest.

The swallow lagged behind thy flight,
Nor yet has shown her wing;
Though skies are soft and full of light,
And groves are green with spring.

But vain are skies and groves to thee,
Whose days of joy are fled;
And vain the swallow o'er the sea,
To all the lost, and dead!

Yet wake, thou mournful bird, again;
Again thy woe impart,
And every heart that hears thy strain
Will grow a kindred heart.

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—During one of the circuits, Curran was dining with a brother advocate at a small inn kept by a respectable woman, who, to the well-ordering of her establishment, added a reputation for that species of apt and keen reply which sometimes supplies the place of wit. The dinner had been well served, the wine was pronounced excellent, and it was proposed that the hostess should be summoned to receive their compliments on her good fare. The Christian name of this purveyor was Honoria, a name of common occurrence in Ireland, but which is generally abbreviated to that of Honor. Her attendance was prompt, and Curran, after a brief eulogium on the dinner, but especially the wine, filled a bumper, and, handing it, proposed as a toast, "Honor and Honesty." His auditor took the glass, and, with a peculiarly arch smile, said, "Our absent friends," and having drunk off her amended toast, she curtsied and withdrew.—*Notes and Queries.*

From the Spectator.

MIGNET'S MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.*

THE subjects of this concluding volume are the imprisonment of Mary in England, the discussion of her guilt or innocence before Elizabeth's commissioners, the various treaties and conspiracies of which she was the object, her trial and execution, and finally the triumph of Elizabeth and the Protestant religion in the destruction of the Armada and the pacifying of James. The story of Mary's long suffering, and the various discussions as to her criminality, are of necessity uniform, wanting the variety of action and contrast of fortune that distinguish her early career. M. Mignet, however, has imparted considerable interest to his story, by a narrative clear, flowing, and complete. His genius, indeed, seems better adapted to civil and intellectual topics than to actions that partake of a tragic gloom or grandeur. He has the logic to perceive the essential points in a charge, a plot, a negotiation, or a scene of slow and passing suffering, and the literary art to render them distinct and attractive. He is deficient in the poetical imagination requisite to the historian who records the gloom and turbulence, the mystery and terror of action and passion, that characterize so much of Mary's reign in Scotland.

The complete fullness of the narrative has an advantage for the reader: he has the pith of the later discoveries, and the opinion of the later historians, without the labor of reading them, and the trouble of seeking for them himself. Mignet also distinctly develops two points that give elevation or feature to his work. He marks the moral of "they that use the sword shall perish by the sword"; pointing out how violence produces violence, and the bloody deeds of the Scottish nobles returned upon themselves. He indicates the key to much that seems needlessly harsh in the conduct of Elizabeth and Mary's enemies generally, by bringing out the Romish element. The merely religious feature of the position was too obvious to escape notice: every historian has touched upon it. To Scotland Mary was only the head of an unpopular religion; for although her release from prison with sufficient force at her back would have involved a total change in the ruling powers, that change was dependent on hereditary right, quite irrespectively of her religion. In England, she was not only a Papist, disliked for her creed, and the head of a party of religionists as unpopular as herself; she was a claimant of the crown on principles the nation would not admit. Her own indiscretion in quartering the arms of England, and the arrogant conduct of the Papal church in denying Elizabeth's right to the crown and stigmatizing her legitimacy, provoked her at the very outset. This impotent absurdity was personally offensive to Elizabeth, and equally so to the people; for, independently of the insult to their sovereign, it ignored the power of Parliament to regulate the descent of the crown, and rendered the constitution and laws of the realm dependent upon the decision of a foreign priest. But though the claim itself, unsupported by power, was a mere offensive theory, it was not altogether powerless. That body of Romanists who pin their faith upon the Pope and their priests were bound as an article of faith to pronounce Elizabeth's illegitimacy, to deny her right to the throne, and to

advance Mary's claims to the crown of England. Mary's weakness and treachery of character rendered this position one of danger, when the Papal See and foreign potentates were ready to take advantage of popular superstition and political circumstances to assail England. The conduct of Elizabeth towards Mary was as harsh as it was impolitic: whatever she might have been to the Scottish Regency, she would have been less dangerous to her as an exile on the Continent than as a prisoner in England. But the danger itself was real, the apprehension well founded if exaggerated; and the feelings of Parliament, outrunning the hate and fears of Elizabeth, showed the feeling of the nation. It may be questioned whether the historians of the last century, or of our day, could altogether realize this feeling, from the greater liberality that seemed to have come over the Popish church. We of 1851 are in a better position. By observing the feeling which a Papal claim, in reality futile however insolent and arrogant, produced upon the public mind of England, we can put ourselves in a position to apprehend the anger that animated men when the Papacy was a power, when Spain was aiming at universal monarchy, when the fires of Smithfield had scarcely been extinguished, and the dagger of the assassin frequently ended the life of a prince whom Popish priests had denounced.

In considering the work of M. Mignet, we have judged it as if originally designed for England; whereas it was written for a continental public, to whom things with which we are familiar were perhaps in a great measure new. The book, however, is so well planned, and the scale of treatment so judicious, that the reader feels the necessity of whatever is inserted, without reference to the class of public addressed. The foreign origin of the book is chiefly shown in the greater attention given to continental affairs and their connexion with the general subject. The invasion of the country by Spanish troops was an essential point in the various conspiracies against Elizabeth; and the opinion of Alva on the subject of the invasion of England, even when the operation was to be supported by a rising, may have some interest now.

In order to determine Philip II. to make an armed descent upon the kingdom of England, it was necessary to promise him powerful assistance, and to assure him that the Duke of Norfolk would embrace Catholicism and revolt against Elizabeth. The slow and circumspect King of Spain had hitherto been deterred from engaging in the enterprise by representations of the risk by which it would be attended. The Duke of Alva had for more than a year maintained that the invasion of England was beset by the greatest difficulties; that it would be attended with enormous expense; that it would meet with the opposition of both France and Germany, the first of which would interfere from political jealousy and the second from religious interest; and that it was to be feared that these two countries would either excite a new insurrection in the Spanish provinces, or would seize upon them as soon as he withdrew his troops. These reasons had their force; and Philip II. was struck by them.

Fuller light is thrown upon the conspiracy of Norfolk by the Spanish archives to which M. Mignet has had access. Ridolfi, the Florentine banker and travelling agent for the conspirators, did not make much impression upon Alva. The general termed the conspirator a great chatterbox (*parlanchin*); and though Mignet says he eventually gave his approval to the scheme, it was with a large saving clause—"that the plan of the Queen

* The History of Mary Queen of Scots. By F. A. Mignet, Member of the Institute, &c. &c. In 2 vols. Volume II. Published by Bentley.

of Scotland and the Duke of Norfolk, *if it could be properly carried out*, would be the best method of remedying the evil." This plan involved the assassination of Elizabeth; and here we have the Council of Spain coolly deliberating upon that atrocious proposal.

On the 7th July, Ridolfi was questioned at the Escorial, regarding the enterprise which he had come to propose, by the Duke of Feria, whom Philip II. had deputed to hear his statements. His answers were written down in the handwriting of Zayas, the secretary of state. It was proposed to murder Queen Elizabeth. Ridolfi said that the blow would not be struck at London, because that city was the stronghold of heresy, but while she was travelling; and that a person named James Grads had undertaken the office. On the same day, the Council of State commenced its deliberations upon the proposed assassination of Elizabeth and conquest of England. The subject of the discussion was, whether it behoved the King of Spain to agree with the conspirators "to kill or capture the Queen of England," in order to prevent her from marrying the Duke of Anjou and putting to death the Queen of Scotland; whether the blow should be struck while she was travelling, or, which would be easier still, when she was at the country-house of one of the conspirators, who had surrounded her with persons on whom they could depend; and whether they ought not to be assisted in case they carried out their intentions, which they would not do without the orders of the Catholic king. The councillors of state severally gave their opinion, which were committed to writing, and have been preserved to this day. The Duke of Feria spoke first. "Under present circumstances," he said, "the affair is embarrassing, but the Catholic king must not postpone it. The Queen of Scotland is the true heir to the realm of England, and she will rightly discharge the duties of religion and friendship towards us. If we allow her to be crushed, we entail destruction on all those who are devoted to her. The proximity of the Duke of Alva greatly facilitates the matter, and not an instant must be lost if we intend to engage in the enterprise." Don Hernando de Toledo, Grand Prior of Castile, who spoke next, said that Ciapino Vitelli was the proper man to accomplish the undertaking under the direction of the Duke of Alva; and that, in Vitelli's opinion, the months of September and October were favorable for the execution of such a plan. Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Eboli, thought that a letter should at once be written to the Duke of Alva; that he might obtain the funds necessary for the enterprise. Doctor Martin Velasco was less inclined than his colleagues to engage in the attempt. He said that it was supposed that the queen would be captured, and that her death would end the matter; but it was to be feared that communications made to powerful persons might be dangerous; that it was better to urge them to action, without giving any pledge to Ridolfi; not to write to them, but to send them money, and to promise indirectly that they should receive further assistance at the proper time. The Inquisitor-General, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Seville, maintained that the Duke of Alva possessed all the means for securing the success of such an enterprise, and that, with a view to its execution, the sum of two hundred thousand crowns should be placed in his hands, with an intimation that he should proceed in conformity with the declaration made by the Pope in his bull. The cardinal added, that Ciapino Vitelli had offered to go in person, with a dozen or fifteen resolute men, to seize the Queen of England in one of her pleasure-houses; and that he would present himself before her under the pretext of demanding justice.

The Duke of Feria opposed the idea suggested by the inquisitor-general, that they should act in England in the Pope's name; and maintained that they

should found their intervention on the claims of the Queen of Scotland to the succession to the crown of that kingdom. He did not, moreover, think it would be easy for a dozen men to capture Queen Elizabeth; and in this opinion he was supported by the Grand Prior of Castile; who further declared, that a conquest by armed force presented the greatest possible difficulties, and that the Duke of Alva had not means to undertake it. As for Ruy Gomez, with his usual address, he threw the execution and the responsibility of the enterprise upon the Duke of Alva; saying that he thought it very arduous, although the Pope's Nuncio represented it as very easy to the Catholic king.

Philip II. replied to the Nuncio, that he would willingly undertake it; but that it must be carried out with so much promptitude and with such powerful resources, that neighboring princes would not have time to interfere. He insinuated that the Pope should supply the money which would be required.

The execution of Mary Queen of Scots was a great event. It was not only striking in itself, for the dignity, the beauty, and the misfortunes of the victim; it was a turning point in history. When the axe fell upon her neck, it dealt a blow to regal authority as upheld by the church and the opinion of the middle ages. Princes had before been overthrown by rivals and slain by violence, but Mary had been deposed by her own subjects with a sort of form of law; she was afterwards accused by those subjects before the subjects of another sovereign; she was finally tried for her life before subjects, and executed, less by royal than popular will, for Elizabeth would never have dared the deed but that the national wish outran her. The scene of the execution is well narrated by M. Mignet; the details, which in some cases overwhelm the interest, in this case add to it.

As soon as they had come down stairs, the queen, followed by Andrew Melvil, who bore the train of her gown, ascended the scaffold with the same ease and the same dignity as if she were ascending a throne.

The scaffold was erected in the lower hall of Fotheringay. It was two feet and a half high and twelve feet square in extent; it was covered with black English frieze, as were also the chair on which she was to sit, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to receive the fatal stroke. She seated herself on that dismal chair without changing color, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty. On her right hand were seated the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent; on her left stood the sheriff; in front were the two executioners, dressed in black velvet; at a little distance, ranged along the wall, stood her servants; and in the remainder of the hall, behind a barrier which Paulet guarded with his soldiers, were about two hundred gentlemen and inhabitants of the neighborhood, who had been admitted into the castle, the gates of which were closed. Robert Beale then read the sentence; to which Mary listened in silence, and with such complete abstraction, that she appeared not to be cognizant of what was passing. When Beale had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross, and said with a firm voice, "My lords, I am a queen born, a sovereign princess, not subject to the laws, a near relation of the Queen of England, and her lawful heirress. After having been long and unjustly detained prisoner in this country, where I have endured much pain and evil, though nobody had any right over me, being now, through the strength and under the power of men, ready to forfeit my life, I thank God for permitting me to die for my religion, and in presence of a company who will bear witness, that just before my death I protested, as I have always done both in

private and in public, that I never contrived any means of putting the queen to death, nor consented to anything against her person." She then proceeded to deny that she had ever borne towards her any feelings of hatred, and called to mind that she had offered, as the price of her liberty, such conditions as were best calculated to give confidence and to prevent disorders in England.

After pronouncing these words in self-justification, she commenced praying. Upon this, Dr. Fletcher, the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, whom the two earls had brought with them, approached her, wishing to exhort her to prepare herself for death. "Madam," said he, "The queen, my excellent sovereign, has sent me to you —" Mary, interrupting him, replied, "Mr. Dean, I am firm to the ancient Roman Catholic religion, and I intend to shed my blood for it." As the dean insisted, with indiscreet fanaticism, urging her to renounce her faith, to repent, to place her confidence in Jesus Christ alone, for he alone was able to save her, she repelled him with a resolute tone of voice, declared that she would not hear him, and ordered him to be silent. The Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent then said, "We desire to pray for your grace, that God may enlighten your heart at your last hour, and that thus you may die in the true knowledge of God." "My lords," returned Mary, "if you wish to pray for me, I thank you for it; but I cannot join in your prayers, because we are not of the same religion." The struggle between the two faiths, which had continued throughout her life, was prolonged even to the scaffold.

Dr. Fletcher then commenced reading the prayers suited to the occasion according to the Anglican ritual, while Mary recited in Latin the psalms of penitence and mercy, and fervently kissed her crucifix. "Madam," rudely said the Earl of Kent to her, "it is of little use for you to have that image of Christ in your hand if you have not got him engraved in your heart." "It is difficult," she answered, "to hold it in the hand without the heart being touched by it; and nothing suits the dying Christian better than the image of his Saviour."

When she had finished, on her knees, the three psalms, "*Miserere mei, Deus*," &c., "*In Te, Domine, speravi*," &c., "*Qui habitat in adjutorio*," she addressed herself to God in English, beseeching him to grant peace to the world, the true religion to England, constancy to all suffering persecution, and to impart to herself the help of His grace and the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit at this her last hour. She prayed for the Pope, for the church, the Catholic kings and princes, for the king her son, for the Queen of England, and her enemies; and, recommending herself to the Saviour of the world, she concluded with these words—"Like as Thy arms, Lord Jesus Christ, were stretched out upon the cross, even so receive me within the stretched out arms of Thy mercy." So fervid was her piety, so touching her effusion of feeling, so admirable her courage, that she drew tears from almost all who were present.

Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such valets de chambre. She then called Jean Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking, that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice," she said; "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause." She then

laid down her cloak and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety flowered with velvet; then seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jean Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them; and after Jean Kennedy had bandaged her eyes, she desired them to withdraw, which they did weeping.

At the same time she knelt down with great courage, and, still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence, "My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands!" She imagined that she would have been struck in the mode usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two masters of the works, perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block; which she did without ceasing to pray. There was a universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable misfortune, this heroic courage, and this admirable sweetness. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head and wounded her; yet she made no movement nor uttered a complaint; it was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head; which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "Thus," added Dr. Fletcher, "may all her enemies perish!" A solitary voice was heard after his, saying, "Amen:" it was that of the gloomy Earl of Kent.

A black cloth was thrown over her remains. The two earls did not leave to the executioner, according to custom, the golden cross around her neck, the chaplets suspended to her girdle, nor the clothes she wore at her death, lest these dear and venerated spoils should be redeemed by her servants and transformed into relics. They therefore burned them. They also took great pains to prevent anything being kept that had been stained with blood, all traces of which they caused to be removed. Just as they were lifting the body to remove it into the state-room of the castle, in order to embalm it, they perceived Mary's little favorite dog, which had slipped in beneath her cloak, between the head and the neck of his dead mistress. He would not quit the bloody spot, and they were forced to remove him. The body of the Queen of Scots, after removing the entrails, which were secretly buried, was embalmed with but little respect, wrapped up in wax-cloth, enclosed in a leaden coffin, and left aside until Elizabeth should fix the place where it was to be laid.

The gates of the castle remained closed for several hours; and nobody was allowed to go out until after the departure of Henry Talbot, son of Shrewsbury, who bore to Elizabeth the report drawn up by Beale, and signed by the two earls as the chief witnesses. He left on the 8th, and arrived on the following day at Greenwich, where the queen then was. On the afternoon of the same day, the news was current in London; the inhabitants of which received the accounts of the queen's death with the same transports of fanaticism which they had exhibited some months before on her condemnation. All the bells of the city were set a ringing, and bonfires were lighted in every street.

The conclusion to which M. Mignet has come as to the guilt of Mary does not differ from that of her sternest enemy; but he gives prominence to her difficulties and excuses, and while he marks her crimes and her faults, he exhibits a sympathy with her misfortunes.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE a table, in the apartments appropriated to him in his father's house at Knightsbridge, sat Lord L'Estrange, sorting or destroying letters and papers—an ordinary symptom of change of residence. There are certain trifles by which a shrewd observer may judge of a man's disposition. Thus, ranged on the table, with some elegance, but with soldier-like precision, were sundry little relics of former days, hallowed by some sentiment of memory, or perhaps endeared solely by custom; which, whether he was in Egypt, Italy, or England, always made part of the furniture of Harley's room. Even the small, old-fashioned, and somewhat inconvenient inkstand in which he dipped the pen as he labelled the letters he put aside, belonged to the writing-desk which had been his pride as a school-boy. Even the books that lay scattered round were not new works, not those to which we turn to satisfy the curiosity of an hour, or to distract our graver thoughts; they were chiefly either Latin or Italian poets, with many a pencil-mark on the margin; or books which, making severe demand on thought, require slow and frequent perusal, and become companions. Somehow or other, in remarking that even in dumb inanimate things the man was averse to change, and had the habit of attaching himself to whatever was connected with old associations, you might guess that he clung with pertinacity to affections more important, and you could better comprehend the freshness of his friendship for one so dissimilar in pursuits and character as Audley Egerton. An affection once admitted into the heart of Harley L'Estrange, seemed never to be questioned or reasoned with; it became tacitly fixed, as it were, into his own nature; and little less than a revolution of his whole system could dislodge or disturb it.

Lord L'Estrange's hand rested now upon a letter in a stiff, legible Italian character; and instead of disposing of it at once, as he had done with the rest, he spread it before him, and re-read the contents. It was a letter from Riccabocca, received a few weeks since, and ran thus:—

Letter from Signior Riccabocca to Lord L'Estrange.

"I thank you, my noble friend, for judging of me with faith in my honor, and respect for my reverses.

"No, and thrice no, to all concessions, all overtures, all treaty with Giulio Franzini. I write the name, and my emotions choke me. I must pause, and cool back into disdain. It is over. Pass from that subject. But you have alarmed me. This sister! I have not seen her since her childhood; but she was brought up under his influence—she can but work as his agent. She wish to learn my residence! It can be but for some hostile and malignant purpose. I may trust in you—I know that. You say I may trust equally in the discretion of your friend. Pardon me—my confidence is not so elastic. A word may give the clue to my retreat. But, if discovered, what harm can ensue? An English roof protects me from Austrian despotism; true; but not the brazen tower of Danæ could protect me from Italian craft. And, were there nothing worse, it would be intolerable to me to live under the eyes of a relentless spy. Truly saith our proverb, 'He sleeps ill for whom the enemy wakes.' Look you, my friend, I have done with my old life—I wish to cast it from me as a

snake its skin. I have denied myself all that exiles deem consolation. No pity for misfortune, no messages from sympathizing friendship, no news from a lost and bereaved country follow me to my hearth under the skies of the stranger. From all these I have voluntarily cut myself off. I am as dead to the life I once lived as if the Styx rolled between it and me. With that sternness which is admissible only to the afflicted, I have denied myself even the consolation of your visits. I have told you fairly and simply that your presence would unsettle all my enforced and infirm philosophy, and remind me only of the past, which I seek to blot from remembrance. You have complied on the one condition, that whenever I really want your aid I will ask it; and, meanwhile, you have generously sought to obtain me justice from the cabinets of ministers and in the courts of kings. I did not refuse your heart this luxury; for I have a child—(Ah! I have taught that child already to revere your name, and in her prayers it is not forgotten.) But now that you are convinced that even your zeal is unavailing, I ask you to discontinue attempts that may but bring the spy upon my track, and involve me in new misfortunes. Believe me, O brilliant Englishman, that I am satisfied and contented with my lot. I am sure it would not be for my happiness to change it. 'Chi non ha provato il male non conosce il bene.' ('One does not know when one is well off till one has known misfortune.') You ask me how I live—I answer, *alla giornata*—to the day—not for the morrow, as I did once. I have accustomed myself to the calm existence of a village. I take interest in its details. There is my wife, good creature, sitting opposite to me, never asking what I write, or to whom, but ready to throw aside her work and talk the moment the pen is out of my hand. Talk—and what about? Heaven knows! But I would rather hear that talk, though on the affairs of a hamlet, than babble again with recreant nobles and blundering professors about commonwealths and constitutions. When I want to see how little those last influence the happiness of wise men, have I not Machiavel and Thucydides! Then, by-and-by, the parson will drop in, and we argue. He never knows when he is beaten, so the argument is everlasting. On fine days I ramble out by a winding rill with my Violante, or stroll to my friend the Squire's, and see how healthful a thing is true pleasure; and on wet days I shut myself up, and nope, perhaps, till, hark! a gentle tap at the door, and in comes Violante, with her dark eyes, that shine out through reproachful tears—reproachful that I should mourn alone, while she is under my roof—so she puts her arms round me, and in five minutes all is sunshine within. What care we for your English gray clouds without?

"Leave me, my dear lord—leave me to this quiet happy passage towards old age, serenely than the youth that I wasted so wildly; and guard well the secret on which my happiness depends.

"Now to yourself, before I close. Of that same *yourself* you speak too little, as of me too much. But I so well comprehend the profound melancholy that lies underneath the wild and fanciful humor with which you but suggest, as in sport, what you feel so in earnest. The laborious solitude of cities weighs on you. You are flying back to the *dolce far niente*—to friends few, but intimate; to life monotonous, but unrestrained; and even there the sense of loneliness will again seize upon you; and you do not seek, as I do, the annihilation of

memory; your dead passions are turned to ghosts that haunt you, and unfit you for the living world. I see it all—I see it still, in your hurried fantastic lines, as I saw it when we two sat amidst the pines and beheld the blue lake stretched below. I troubled by the shadow of the Future, you disturbed by that of the Past."

"Well, but you say, half-seriously, half in jest, 'I will escape from this prison-house of memory; I will form new ties, like other men, and before it be too late; I will marry—ay, but I must love—there is the difficulty,—difficulty—yes, and Heaven be thanked for it! Recall all the unhappy marriages that have come to your knowledge—pray, have not eighteen out of twenty been marriages for love? It always has been so, and it always will. Because, whenever we love deeply, we exact so much and forgive so little. Be content to find some one with whom your hearth and your honor are safe. You will grow to love what never wounds your heart—you will soon grow out of love with what must always disappoint your imagination. *Cospetto!* I wish my Jemima had a younger sister for you. Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima."

"Now, I have written you a long letter, to prove how little I need of your compassion or your zeal. Once more let there be long silence between us. It is not easy for me to correspond with a man of your rank, and not incur the curious gossip of my still little pool of a world which the splash of a pebble can break into circles. I must take this over to a post-town some ten miles off, and drop it into the box by stealth."

"Adieu, dear and noble friend, gentlest heart and subtlest fancy that I have met in my walk through life. Adieu—write me word when you have abandoned a day-dream and found a Jemima."

ALPHONSO.

"P. S.—For Heaven's sake, caution and recaution your friend, the minister, not to drop a word to this woman that may betray my hiding-place."

"Is he really happy?" murmured Harley, as he closed the letter; and he sank for a few moments into a reverie.

"This life in a village—this wife in a lady who puts down her work to talk about villagers—what a contrast to Audley's full existence! And I can never envy or comprehend either—yet my own—what is it?"

He rose, and moved towards the window, from which a rustic stair descended to a green lawn—studded with larger trees than are often found in the grounds of a suburban residence. There were calm and coolness in the sight, and one could scarcely have supposed that London lay so near.

The door opened softly, and a lady, past middle age, entered; and, approaching Harley, as he still stood musing by the window, laid her hand on his shoulder. What character there is in a hand! Hers was a hand that Titian would have painted with elaborate care! Thin, white, and delicate—with the blue veins raised from the surface. Yet there was something more than mere patrician elegance in the form and texture. A true physiologist would have said at once, "there are intellect and pride in that hand, which seems to fix a hold where it rests; and, lying so lightly, yet will not be as lightly shaken off."

"Harley," said the lady—and Harley turned—"you do not deceive me by that smile," she

continued sadly; "you were not smiling when I entered."

"It is rarely that we smile to ourselves, my dear mother; and I have done nothing lately so foolish as to cause me to smile at myself."

"My son," said Lady Lansmere, somewhat abruptly, but with great earnestness, "you come from a line of illustrious ancestors; and methinks they ask from their tombs why the last of their race has no aim and no object—no interest—no home in the land which they served, and which rewarded them with its honors."

"Mother," said the soldier simply, "when the land was in danger I served it as my forefathers served—and my answer would be the scars on my breast."

"Is it only in danger that a country is served—only in war that duty is fulfilled? Do you think that your father, in his plain manly life of country gentleman, does not fulfil, though obscurely, the objects for which aristocracy is created and wealth is bestowed?"

"Doubtless he does, ma'am—and better than his vagrant son ever can."

"Yet his vagrant son has received such gifts from nature—his youth was so rich in promise—his boyhood so glowed at the dream of glory!"

"Ay," said Harley very softly, "it is possible—and all to be buried in a single grave!"

The countess started, and withdrew her hand from Harley's shoulder.

Lady Lansmere's countenance was not one that much varied in expression. She had in this, as in her cast of feature, little resemblance to her son.

Her features were slightly aquiline—the eyebrows of that arch which gives a certain majesty to the aspect: the lines round the mouth were habitually rigid and compressed. Her face was that of one who had gone through great emotion and subdued it. There was something formal, and even ascetic, in the character of her beauty, which was still considerable;—in her air and in her dress. She might have suggested to you the idea of some Gothic baroness of old, half chatelaine, half abbess; you would see at a glance that she did not live in the light world round her, and disdained its fashion and its mode of thought; yet with all this rigidity it was still the face of the woman who has known human ties and human affections. And, now, as she gazed long on Harley's quiet, saddened brow, it was the face of a mother.

"A single grave," she said, after a long pause. "And you were then but a boy, Harley! Can such a memory influence you even to this day? It is scarcely possible; it does not seem to me within the realities of man's life—though it might be of woman's."

"I believe," said Harley, half soliloquizing, "that I have a great deal of the woman in me. Perhaps men who live much alone, and care not for men's objects, do grow tenacious of impressions, as your sex does. But oh," he cried aloud, and with a sudden change of countenance, "oh, the hardest and the coldest man would have felt as I do, had he known her—had he loved her. She was like no other woman I have ever met. Bright and glorious creature of another sphere! She descended on this earth, and darkened it when she passed away. It is no use striving, mother; I have as much courage as our steel-clad fathers ever had. I have dared in battle and in deserts—against man and the wild beast—against the storm and the ocean—against the rude powers of Nature—

—dangers as dread as ever pilgrim or Crusader rejoiced to brave. But courage against that one memory! no, I have none!”

“Harley, Harley, you break my heart,” cried the countess, clasping her hands.

“It is astonishing,” continued her son, so wrapped in his own thoughts that he did not perhaps hear her outcry. “Yea, verily, it is astonishing, that, considering the thousands of women I have seen and spoken with, I never see a face like hers—never hear a voice so sweet. And all this universe of life cannot afford me one look and one tone that can restore me to man’s privilege—love. Well, well, life has other things yet—Poetry and Art live still—still smiles the heaven, and still wave the trees. Leave me to happiness in my own way.”

The countess was about to reply, when the door was thrown hastily open, and Lord Lansmere walked in.

The earl was some years older than the countess, but his placid face showed less wear and tear; a benevolent, kindly face—without any evidence of commanding intellect, but with no lack of sense in its pleasant lines. His form not tall, but upright, and with an air of consequence—a little pompous, but good-humoredly so. The pomposity of the *Grand Seigneur*, who has lived much in provinces—whose will has been rarely disputed, and whose importance has been so felt and acknowledged as to react insensibly on himself;—an excellent man; but when you glanced towards the high brow and dark eye of the countess, you marvelled a little how the two had come together, and, according to common report, lived so happily in the union.

“Ho, ho! my dear Harley,” cried Lord Lansmere, rubbing his hands with an appearance of much satisfaction, “I have just been paying a visit to the duchess.”

“What duchess, my dear father?”

“Why, your mother’s first cousin, to be sure—the Duchess of Knaresborough, whom, to oblige me, you condescended to call upon; and delighted I am to hear that you admire Lady Mary—”

“She is very high-bred, and rather—high-nosed,” answered Harley. Then observing that his mother looked pained, and his father disconcerted, he added seriously, “But handsome certainly.”

“Well, Harley,” said the earl, recovering himself, “the duchess, taking advantage of our connection to speak freely, has intimated to me that Lady Mary has been no less struck with yourself; and, to come to the point, since you allow that it is time you should think of marrying, I do not know a more desirable alliance. What do you say, Katherine?”

“The duke is a family that ranks in history before the Wars of the Roses,” said Lady Lansmere, with an air of deference to her husband; “and there has never been one scandal in its annals, or one blot in its scutcheon. But I am sure my dear lord must think that the duchess should not have made the first overture—even to a friend and a kinsman.”

“Why, we are old-fashioned people,” said the earl, rather embarrassed, “and the duchess is a woman of the world.”

“Let us hope,” said the countess mildly, “that her daughter is not.”

“I would not marry Lady Mary, if all the rest of the female sex were turned into apes,” said Lord L’Estrange, with deliberate fervor.

“Good heavens!” cried the earl, “what ex-

traordinary language is this? And pray why, sir?”

Harley.—“I can’t say—there is no why in these cases. But, my dear father, you are not keeping faith with me.”

Lord Lansmere.—“How?”

Harley.—“You and my lady here, entreat me to marry—I promise to do my best to obey you; but on one condition—that I choose for myself, and take my time about it. Agreed on both sides. Whereon, off goes your lordship—actually before noon, at an hour when no lady without a shudder could think of cold blonde and damp orange flowers—off goes your lordship, I say, and commits poor Lady Mary and your unworthy son to a mutual admiration—which neither of us ever felt. Pardon me, my father—but this is grave. Again let me claim your promise—full choice for myself, and no reference to the Wars of the Roses. What war of the roses like that between Modesty and Love upon the cheek of the virgin!”

Lady Lansmere.—“Full choice for yourself, Harley;—so be it. But we, too, named a condition—did we not, Lansmere?”

The Earl, (puzzled).—“Eh—did we! Certainly we did.”

Harley.—“What was it?”

Lady Lansmere.—“The son of Lord Lansmere can only marry the daughter of a gentleman.”

The Earl.—“Of course—of course.”

The blood rushed over Harley’s fair face, and then as suddenly left it pale.

He walked away to the window—his mother followed him, and again laid her hand on his shoulder.

“You were cruel,” said he gently, and in a whisper, as he winced under the touch of the hand. Then turning to the earl, who was gazing at him in blank surprise—(it never occurred to Lord Lansmere that there could be a doubt of his son’s marrying beneath the rank modestly stated by the countess)—Harley stretched forth his hand, and said, in his soft, winning tone, “You have ever been most gracious to me, and most forbearing; it is but just that I should sacrifice the habits of an egotist, to gratify a wish which you so warmly entertain. I agree with you, too, that our race should not close in me—*Noblesse oblige*. But you know I was ever romantic; and I must love where I marry—or, if not love, I must feel that my wife is worthy of all the love I could once have bestowed. Now, as to the vague word ‘gentleman’ that my mother employs—word that means so differently on different lips—I confess that I have a prejudice against young ladies brought up in the ‘excellent foppery of the world,’ as the daughters of gentlemen of our rank mostly are. I crave, therefore, the most liberal interpretation of this word ‘gentleman.’ And so long as there be nothing mean or sordid in the birth, habits, and education of the father of this bride to be, I trust you will both agree to demand nothing more—neither titles nor pedigree.”

“Titles, no—assuredly,” said Lady Lansmere; “they do not make the gentleman.”

“Certainly not,” said the earl. “Many of our best families are untitled.”

“Titles—no,” repeated Lady Lansmere; “but ancestors—yes.”

“Ah, my mother,” said Harley, with his most sad and quiet smile, “it is fated that we shall never agree. The first of our race is ever the one we are most proud of; and pray, what ancestors

had he! Beauty, virtue, modesty, and intellect—if these are not nobility enough for a man, he is a slave to the dead.”

With these words Harley took up his hat and made towards the door.

“You said yourself, *Noblesse oblige*,” said the countess, following him to the threshold; “we have nothing more to add.”

Harley slightly shrugged his shoulder, kissed his mother’s hand, whistled to Nero, who started up from a doze by the window, and went his way.

“Does he really go abroad next week?” said the earl.

“So he says.”

“I am afraid there is no chance for Lady Mary,” resumed Lord Lansmere, with a slight but melancholy smile.

“She has not intellect enough to charm him. She is not worthy of Harley,” said the proud mother.

“Between you and me,” rejoined the earl, rather timidly, “I don’t see what good his intellect does him. He could not be more unsettled and useless if he were the merest dunce in the three kingdoms. And so ambitious as he was when a boy! Katherine, I sometimes fancy that you know what changed him.”

“I! Nay, my dear lord, it is a common change enough with the young, when of such fortunes; who find, when they enter life, that there is really little left for them to strive for. Had Harley been a poor man’s son, it might have been different.”

“I was born to the same fortunes as Harley,” said the earl, shrewdly, “and yet I flatter myself I am of some use to old England.”

The countess seized upon the occasion, complimented her lord, and turned the subject.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARLEY spent his day in his usual desultory lounging manner—dined in his quiet corner at his favorite club—Nero, not admitted into the club, patiently waited for him outside the door. The dinner over, dog and man, equally indifferent to the crowd, sauntered down that thoroughfare which, to the few who can comprehend the Poetry of London, has associations of glory and of woe sublime as any that the ruins of the dead elder world can furnish—thoroughfare that traverses what was once the courtyard of Whitehall, having to its left the site of the palace that lodged the royalty of Scotland—gains through a narrow strait, that old isle of Thorney, in which Edward the Confessor received the ominous visit of the Conqueror—and, widening once more by the Abbey and the Hall of Westminster, then loses itself, like all memories of earthly grandeur, amidst humble passages and mean defiles.

Thus thought Harley L’Estrange—ever less amidst the actual world around him, than the images invoked by his own solitary soul—as he gained the Bridge, and saw the dull, lifeless craft sleeping on the “Silent Way,” once loud and glittering with the gilded barks of the antique Seigneurie of England.

It was on that bridge that Audley Egerton had appointed to meet L’Estrange, at an hour when he calculated he could best steal a respite from debate. For Harley, with his fastidious dislike to all the resorts of his equals, had declined to seek his friend in the crowded regions of Bellamy’s.

Harley’s eye, as he passed along the bridge, was attracted by a still form, seated on the stones in one of the nooks, with its face covered by its

hands. “If I were a sculptor,” said he to himself, “I should remember that image whenever I wished to convey the idea of *Despondency*!” He lifted his looks and saw, a little before him in the midst of the causeway, the firm, erect figure of Audley Egerton. The moonlight was full on the bronzed countenance of the strong public man—with its lines of thought and care, and its vigorous but cold expression of intense self-control.

“And looking yonder,” continued Harley’s soliloquy, “I should remember that form, when I wished to hew out from the granite the idea of *Endurance*.”

“So you are come, and punctually,” said Egerton, linking his arm in Harley’s.

Harley.—“Punctually, of course, for I respect your time, and I will not detain you long. I presume you will speak to-night.”

Egerton.—“I have spoken.”

Harley, (with interest).—“And well, I hope.”

Egerton.—“With effect, I suppose, for I have been loudly cheered, which does not always happen to me.”

Harley.—“And that gave you pleasure?”

Egerton, (after a moment’s thought).—“No, not the least.”

Harley.—“What, then, attaches you so much to this life—constant drudgery, constant warfare—the more pleasurable faculties dormant, all the harsher ones aroused, if even its rewards (and I take the best of those to be applause) do not please you?”

Egerton.—“What?—custom.”

Harley.—“Martyr!”

Egerton.—“You say it. But turn to yourself; you have decided, then, to leave England next week.”

Harley, (moodily).—“Yes. This life in a capital, where all are so active, myself so objectless, preys on me like a low fever. Nothing here amuses me, nothing interests, nothing comforts and consoles. But I am resolved, before it be too late, to make one great struggle out of the Past, and into the natural world of men. In a word, I have resolved to marry.”

Egerton.—“Whom?”

Harley, (seriously).—“Upon my life, my dear fellow, you are a great philosopher. You have hit the exact question. You see I cannot marry a dream; and where, out of dreams, shall I find this ‘whom?’”

Egerton.—“You do not search for her.”

Harley.—“Do we ever search for love? Does it not flash upon us when we least expect it? Is it not like the inspiration to the muse? What poet sits down and says, ‘I will write a poem!’ What man looks out and says, ‘I will fall in love!’ No! Happiness, as the great German tells us, ‘falls suddenly from the bosom of the gods;’ so does love.”

Egerton.—“You remember the old line in Horace; ‘Life’s tide flows away, while the boor sits on the margin and waits for the ford.’”

Harley.—“An idea which incidentally dropped from you some weeks ago, and which I had before half-meditated, has since haunted me. If I could but find some child with sweet dispositions and fair intellect not yet formed, and train her up, according to my ideal. I am still young enough to wait a few years. And meanwhile I shall have gained what I so sadly want—an object in life.”

Egerton.—“You are ever the child of romance. But what—”

Here the minister was interrupted by a messenger from the House of Commons, whom Audley had instructed to seek him on the bridge should his presence be required—"Sir, the opposition are taking advantage of the thinness of the House to call for a division. Mr. — is put up to speak for time, but they won't hear him."

Egerton turned hastily to Lord L'Estrange, "You see you must excuse me now. To-morrow I must go to Windsor for two days; but we shall meet again on my return."

"It does not matter," answered Harley; "I stand out of the pale of your advice, O practical man of sense. And if," added Harley, with affectionate and mournful sweetness—"If I worry you with complaints which you cannot understand, it is only because of old schoolboy habits. I can have no trouble that I do not confide in you."

Egerton's hand trembled as it pressed his friend's; and, without a word, he hurried away abruptly. Harley remained motionless for some seconds in deep and quiet reverie; then he called to his dog, and turned back towards Westminster.

He passed the nook in which had sat the still figure of Despondency. But the figure had now risen, and was leaning against the balustrade. The dog, who preceded his master, paused by the solitary form, and sniffed it suspiciously.

"Nero, sir, come here," said Harley.

"Nero," that was the name by which Helen had said that her father's friend had called his dog. And the sound startled Leonard as he leant, sick at heart, against the stone. He lifted his head and looked wistfully, eagerly, into Harley's face. Those eyes, bright, clear, yet so strangely deep and absent, which Helen had described, met his own, and chained them. For L'Estrange halted also; the boy's countenance was not unfamiliar to him. He returned the inquiring look fixed on his own, and recognized the student by the book-stall.

"The dog is quite harmless, sir," said L'Estrange, with a smile.

"And you called him Nero!" said Leonard, still gazing on the stranger.

Harley mistook the drift of the question.

"Nero, sir; but he is free from the sanguinary propensities of his Roman namesake." Harley was about to pass on, when Leonard said falteringly,—

"Pardon me, but can it be possible that you are one whom I have sought in vain, on behalf of the child of Captain Digby?"

Harley stopped short. "Digby!" he exclaimed, "where is he? He should have found me easily. I gave him an address."

"Ah, Heaven be thanked!" cried Leonard. "Helen is saved; she will not die;" and he burst into tears.

A very few moments, and a very few words sufficed to explain to Harley the state of his old fellow-soldier's orphan. And Harley himself soon stood in the young sufferer's room, supporting her burning temples on his breast, and whispering into ears that heard him, as in a happy dream, "Comfort, comfort; your father yet lives in me."

And then Helen, raising her eyes, said, "But Leonard is my brother—more than brother—and he needs a father's care more than I do."

"Hush, hush, Helen. I need no one—nothing now!" cried Leonard; and his tears gushed over the little hand that clasped his own.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE was a man whom all things that belong to the romantic and poetic side of our human life deeply impressed. When he came to learn the ties between these two children of nature, standing side by side, alone amidst the storms of fate, his heart was more deeply moved than it had been for many years. In those dreary attics, overshadowed by the smoke and reek of the humble suburb—the workday world, in its harshest and truest forms, below and around them—he recognized that divine poem which comes out from all union between the mind and the heart. Here, on the rough deal table, (the ink scarcely dry,) lay the writings of the young wrestler for fame and bread; there, on the other side of the partition, on that mean pallet, lay the boy's sole comforter—the all that warmed his heart with living mortal affection. On one side the wall, the world of imagination; on the other this world of grief and of love. And in both, a spirit equally sublime—unselfish Devotion—"the something afar from the sphere of our sorrow."

He looked round the room into which he had followed Leonard, on quitting Helen's bedside. He noted the MSS. on the table, and, pointing to them, said gently, "And these are the labors by which you supported the soldier's orphan!—soldier yourself, in a hard battle!"

"The battle was lost—I could not support her," replied Leonard mournfully.

"But you did not desert her. When Pandora's box was opened, they say Hope lingered last—"

"False, false," said Leonard; "a heathen's notion. There are deities that linger behind Hope;—Gratitude, Love, and Duty."

"Yours is no common nature," exclaimed Harley admiringly, "but I must sound it more deeply hereafter; at present I hasten for the physician; I shall return with him. We must move that poor child from this low close air as soon as possible. Meanwhile, let me qualify your rejection of the old fable. Wherever Gratitude, Love, and Duty remain to man, believe me that Hope is there too, though she may be oft invisible, hidden behind the sheltering wings of the nobler deities."

Harley said this with that wondrous smile of his, which cast a brightness over the whole room—and went away.

Leonard stole softly towards the grimy window; and, looking up towards the stars that shone pale over the roof-tops, he murmured, "O thou, the All-seeing and All-merciful!—how it comforts me now to think that, though my dreams of knowledge may have sometimes obscured the heaven, I never doubted that thou wert there!—as luminous and everlasting, though behind the cloud!" So, for a few minutes, he prayed silently—then passed into Helen's room, and sat beside her motionless, for she slept. She woke just as Harley returned with a physician, and then Leonard, returning to his own room, saw amongst his papers, the letter he had written to Mr. Dale; and muttering, "I need not disgrace my calling—I need not be the mendicant now," held the letter to the flame of the candle. And while he said this, and, as the burning tinder dropped on the floor, the sharp hunger, unfelt during his late anxious emotions, gnawed at his entrails. Still, even hunger could not reach that noble pride which had yielded to a sentiment nobler

than itself—and he smiled as he repeated, “No mendicant!—the life that I was born to guard is saved. I can raise against Fate the front of the Man once more.”

CHAPTER XIX.

A few days afterwards, and Helen, removed to a pure air, and under the advice of the first physicians, was out of all danger.

It was a pretty detached cottage, with its windows looking over the wild heaths of Norwood, to which Harley rode daily to watch the convalescence of his young charge—an object in life was already found. As she grew better and stronger, he coaxed her easily into talking, and listened to her with pleased surprise. The heart so infantine, and the sense so womanly, struck him much by its rare contrast and combination. Leonard, whom he had insisted on placing also in the cottage, had stayed there willingly till Helen's recovery was beyond question. Then he came to Lord L'Estrange, as the latter was about one day to leave the cottage, and said quietly, “Now, my lord, that Helen is safe, and now that she will need me no more, I can no longer be a pensioner on your bounty. I return to London.”

“You are my visitor—not my pensioner, foolish boy,” said Harley, who had already noticed the pride which spoke in that farewell; “come into the garden, and let us talk.”

Harley seated himself on a bench on the little lawn; Nero crouched at his feet; Leonard stood beside him.

“So,” said Lord L'Estrange, “you would return to London!—What to do?”

“Fulfil my fate.”

“And that?”

“I cannot guess. Fate is the Isis whose veil no mortal can ever raise.”

“You should be born for great things,” said Harley abruptly. “I am sure that you write well. I have seen that you study with passion. Better than writing and better than study, you have a noble heart, and the proud desire of independence. Let me see your MSS., or any copies of what you have already printed. Do not hesitate—I ask but to be a reader. I don't pretend to be a patron; it is a word I hate.”

Leonard's eyes sparkled through their sudden moisture. He brought out his portfolio, placed it on the bench beside Harley, and then went softly to the further part of the garden. Nero looked after him, and then rose and followed him slowly. The boy seated himself on the turf, and Nero rested his dull head on the loud heart of the poet.

Harley took up the various papers before him and read them through leisurely. Certainly he was no critic. He was not accustomed to analyze what pleased or displeased him; but his perceptions were quick, and his taste exquisite. As he read, his countenance, always so genuinely expressive, exhibited now doubt and now admiration. He was soon struck by the contrast in the boy's writings; between the pieces that sported with fancy, and those that grappled with thought. In the first, the young poet seemed so unconscious of his own individuality. His imagination, afar and aloft from the scenes of his suffering, ran riot amidst a paradise of happy golden creations. But, in the last, the THINKER stood out alone and mournful, questioning, in troubled sorrow, the hard world on which he gazed. All in the thought was unsettled, tumultuous; all in the fancy serene and peaceful.

The genius seemed divided into twain shapes; the one bathing its wings amidst the starry dews of heaven; the other wandering, “melancholy, slow,” amidst desolate and boundless sands. Harley gently laid down the paper and mused a little while. Then he rose and walked to Leonard, gazing on his countenance, as he neared the boy, with a new and a deeper interest.

“I have read your papers,” he said, “and recognize in them two men, belonging to two worlds, essentially distinct.”

Leonard started, and murmured, “True, true!”

“I apprehend,” resumed Harley, “that one of these men must either destroy the other, or that the two must become fused and harmonized into a single existence. Get your hat, mount my groom's horse, and come with me to London; we will converse by the way. Look you, I believe you and I agree in this, that the first object of every nobler spirit is independence. It is towards this independence that I alone presume to assist you; and this is a service which the proudest man can receive without a blush.”

Leonard lifted his eyes towards Harley's, and those eyes swam with grateful tears; but his heart was too full to answer.

“I am not one of those,” said Harley, when they were on the road, “who think that because a young man writes poetry he is fit for nothing else, and that he must be a poet or a pauper. I have said that in you there seem to me to be two men, the man of the Ideal world, the man of the Actual. To each of these men I can offer a separate career. The first is perhaps the more tempting. It is the interest of the state to draw into its service all the talent and industry it can obtain; and, under his native state every citizen of a free country should be proud to take service. I have a friend who is a minister, and who is known to encourage talent—Audley Egerton. I have but to say to him, ‘There is a young man who will well repay to the government whatever the government bestows on him;’ and you will rise to-morrow independent in means, and with fair occasions to attain to fortune and distinction. This is one offer—what say you to it?”

Leonard thought bitterly of his interview with Audley Egerton, and the minister's proffered crown-piece. He shook his head and replied—

“Oh, my lord, how have I deserved such kindness? Do with me what you will; but, if I have the option, I would rather follow my own calling. This is not the ambition that inflames me.”

“Hear, then, the other offer. I have a friend, with whom I am less intimate than Egerton, and who has nothing in his gift to bestow. I speak of a man of letters—Henry Norreys—of whom you have doubtless heard, who, I should say, conceived an interest in you when he observed you reading at the book-stall. I have often heard him say, that literature as a profession is misunderstood, and that rightly followed, with the same pains and the same prudence which are brought to bear on other professions, a competence at least can be always ultimately obtained. But the way may be long and tedious—and it leads to no power but over thought; it rarely attains to wealth; and, though reputation may be certain, *Fame*, such as poets dream of, is the lot of few. What say you to this course?”

“My lord, I decide,” said Leonard firmly; and then, his young face lighting up with enthusiasm, he exclaimed, “Yes, if, as you say, there be two men within me, I feel that, were I condemned wholly to the mechanical and practical world, one

would indeed destroy the other. And the conqueror would be the ruder and the coarser. Let me pursue those ideas that, though they have but flitted across me, vague and formless, have ever soared towards the sunlight. No matter whether or not they lead to fortune or to fame, at least they will lead me upward! Knowledge for itself I desire—what care I if it be not power?"

"Enough," said Harley, with a pleased smile at his young companion's outburst. "As you decide so shall it be settled. And now permit me, if not impertinent, to ask you a few questions. Your name is Leonard Fairfield?"

The boy blushed deeply, and bowed his head as if in assent.

"Helen says you are self-taught; for the rest she refers me to you—thinking, perhaps, that I should esteem you less—rather than yet more highly—if she said you were, as I presume to conjecture, of humble birth."

"My birth," said Leonard, slowly, "is very—very—humble."

"The name of Fairfield is not unknown to me. There was one of that name who married into a family in Lansmere—married an Avenel—" continued Harley—and his voice quivered. "You change countenance. Oh, could your mother's name have been Avenel?"

"Yes," said Leonard, between his set teeth. Harley laid his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Then, indeed, I have a claim on you—then, indeed, we are friends. I have a right to serve any of that family."

Leonard looked at him in surprise—"For," continued Harley, recovering himself, "they always served my family; and my recollections of Lansmere, though boyish, are indelible." He spurred on his horse as the words closed—and again there was a long pause; but, from that time, Harley always spoke to Leonard in a soft voice, and often gazed on him with earnest and kindly eyes.

They reached a house in a central, though not fashionable street. A man servant of a singularly grave and awful aspect opened the door; a man who had lived all his life with authors. Poor devil, he was indeed prematurely old! The care on his lip and the pomp on his brow—no mortal's pen can describe!

"Is Mr. Norreys at home?" asked Harley.

"He is at home—to his friends, my lord," answered the man majestically; and he stalked across the hall with the step of a Dangeau ushering some Montmorenci to the presence of *Louis le Grand*.

"Stay—show this gentleman into another room. I will go first into the library; wait for me, Leonard." The man nodded, and ushered Leonard into the dining-room. Then pausing before the door of the library, and listening an instant, as if fearful to disturb some mood of inspiration, opened it very softly. To his ineffable disgust, Harley pushed before, and entered abruptly. It was a large room, lined with books from the floor to the ceiling. Books were on all the tables—books were on all the chairs. Harley seated himself on a folio of Raleigh's History of the World, and cried—

"I have brought you a treasure!"

"What is it?" said Norreys, good-humoredly, looking up from his desk.

"A mind!"

"A mind!" echoed Norreys vaguely. "Your own?"

"Pooh—I have none—I have only a heart and a fancy. Listen. You remember the boy we saw reading at the book-stall. I have caught him for

you, and you shall train him into a man. I have the warmest interest in his future—for I knew some of his family—and one of that family was very dear to me. As for money, he has not a shilling, and not a shilling would he accept gratis from you or me either. But he comes with bold heart to work—and work you must find him." Harley then rapidly told his friend of the two offers he had made to Leonard—and Leonard's choice.

"This promises very well; for letters a man must have a strong vocation as he should have for law—I will do all that you wish."

Harley rose with alertness—shook Norreys cordially by the hand—hurried out of the room and returned with Leonard.

Mr. Norreys eyed the young man with attention. He was naturally rather severe than cordial in his manner to strangers—contrasting in this, as in most things, the poor vagabond Burley. But he was a good judge of the human countenance, and he liked Leonard's. After a pause he held out his hand.

"Sir," said he, "Lord L'Estrange tells me that you wish to enter literature as a calling, and no doubt to study it as an art. I may help you in this, and you meanwhile can help me. I want an amanuensis—I offer you that place. The salary will be proportioned to the services you will render me. I have a room in my house at your disposal. When I first came up to London, I made the same choice that I hear you have done. I have no cause, even in a worldly point of view, to repent my choice. It gave me an income larger than my wants. I trace my success to these maxims which are applicable to all professions—1st, Never to trust to genius—for what can be obtained by labor. 2dly, Never to profess to teach what we have not studied to understand; 3dly, Never to engage our word to what we do not do our best to execute. With these rules, literature, provided a man does not mistake his vocation for it, and will, under good advice, go through the preliminary discipline of natural powers, which all vocations require, is as good a calling as any other. Without them a shoemaker's is infinitely better."

"Possibly enough," muttered Harley; "but there have been great writers who observed none of your maxims."

"Great writers, probably, but very unenviable men. My lord, my lord, don't corrupt the pupil you bring to me." Harley smiled and took his departure, and left Genius at school with Common Sense and Experience.

CHAPTER XX.

WHILE Leonard Fairfield had been obscurely wrestling against poverty, neglect, hunger, and dread temptation, bright had been the opening day, and smooth the upward path, of Randal Leslie. Certainly no young man, able and ambitious, could enter life under fairer auspices; the connection and avowed favorite of a popular and energetic statesman, the brilliant writer of a political work, that had lifted him at once into a station of his own—received and courted in those highest circles, to which neither rank nor fortune alone suffices for a familiar passport—the circles above fashion itself—the circles of power—with every facility of augmenting information, and learning the world betimes through the talk of its acknowledged masters—Randal had but to move straight onward, and success was sure. But his tortuous spirit delighted in scheme and intrigue for their

own sake. In scheme and intrigue he saw shorter paths to fortune, if not to fame. His besetting sin was also his besetting weakness. He did not aspire—he *coveted*. Though in a far higher social position than Frank Hazeldean, despite the worldly prospects of his old school-fellow, he coveted the very things that kept Frank Hazeldean below him—coveted his idle gayeties, his careless pleasures, his very waste of youth. Thus, also, Randal less aspired to Audley Egerton's repute than he coveted Audley Egerton's wealth and pomp, his princely expenditure, and his Castle Rackrent in Grosvenor Square. It was the misfortune of his birth to be so near to both of these fortunes—near to that of Leslie, as the future head of that fallen house—near even to that of Hazeldean, since, as we have seen before, if the squire had had no son, Randal's descent from the Hazeldeans suggested himself as the one on whom these broad lands should devolve. Most young men, brought into intimate contact with Audley Egerton, would have felt for that personage a certain loyal and admiring, if not very affectionate, respect. For there was something grand in Egerton—something that commands and fascinates the young. His determined courage, his energetic will, his almost regal liberality, contrasting a simplicity in personal tastes and habits that was almost austere—his rare and seemingly unconscious power of charming even the women most wearied of homage, and persuading even the men most obdurate to counsel—all served to invest the practical man with those spells which are usually confined to the ideal one. But, indeed, Audley Egerton was an Ideal—the ideal of the Practical. Not the mere vulgar, plodding, red-tape machine of petty business, but the man of strong sense, inspired by inflexible energy, and guided to definite earthly objects. In a dissolute and corrupt form of government, under a decrepit monarchy, or a vitiated republic, Audley Egerton might have been a most dangerous citizen ; for his ambition was so resolute, and his sight to its ends was so clear. But there is something in public life in England which compels the really ambitious man to honor, unless his eyes are jaundiced and oblique like Randal Leslie's. It is so necessary in England to be a gentleman. And thus Egerton was emphatically considered a *gentleman*. Without the least pride in other matters, with little apparent sensitiveness, touch him on the point of gentleman, and no one so sensitive and so proud. As Randal saw more of him, and watched his moods with the lynx-eyes of the household spy, he could perceive that this hard mechanical man was subject to fits of melancholy, even of gloom ; and though they did not last long, there was even in his habitual coldness an evidence of something compressed, latent, painful, lying deep within his memory. This would have interested the kindly feelings of a grateful heart. But Randal detected and watched it only as a clue to some secret it might profit him to gain. For Randal Leslie hated Egerton ; and hated him the more because, with all his book knowledge and his conceit in his own talents, he could not despise his patron—because he had not yet succeeded in making his patron the mere tool or stepping-stone—because he thought that Egerton's keen eye saw through his wily heart, even while, as if in profound disdain, the minister helped the protégé. But this last suspicion was unsound. Egerton had not detected Leslie's corrupt and treacherous nature. He might have other reasons for keeping him at a cer-

tain distance, but he inquired too little into Randal's feelings towards himself to question the attachment, or doubt the sincerity, of one who owed to him so much. But that which more than all embittered Randal's feelings towards Egerton, was the careful and deliberate frankness with which the latter had, more than once, repeated and enforced the odious announcement, that Randal had nothing to expect from the minister's—WILL, nothing to expect from that wealth which glared in the hungry eyes of the pauper heir to the Leslies of Rood. To whom, then, could Egerton mean to devise his fortune ? To whom but Frank Hazeldean. Yet Audley took so little notice of his nephew—seemed so indifferent to him, that that supposition, however natural, seemed exposed to doubt. The astuteness of Randal was perplexed. Meanwhile, however, the less he himself could rely on Egerton for fortune, the more he revolved the possible chances of ousting Frank from the inheritance of Hazeldean—in part, at least, if not wholly. To one less scheming, crafty, and remorseless than Randal Leslie with every day became more and more, such a project would have seemed the wildest delusion. But there was something fearful in the manner in which this young man sought to turn knowledge into power, and make the study of all weakness in others subservient to his own ends. He wormed himself thoroughly into Frank's confidence. He learned through Frank all the squire's peculiarities of thought and temper, and thoroughly pondered over each word in the father's letters, which the son gradually got into the habit of showing to the perfidious eyes of his friend. Randal saw that the squire had two characteristics, which are very common amongst proprietors, and which might be invoked as antagonists to his warm fatherly love. First, the squire was as fond of his estate as if it were a living thing, and part of his own flesh and blood ; and in his lectures to Frank upon the sin of extravagance, the squire always let out this foible :—"What was to become of the estate if it fell into the hands of a spendthrift ? No man should make ducks and drakes of Hazeldean ; let Frank beware of *that*," &c. Secondly, the squire was not only fond of his lands, but he was jealous of them—that jealousy which even the tenderest fathers sometimes entertain towards their natural heirs. He could not bear the notion that Frank should count on his death ; and he seldom closed an admonitory letter without repeating the information that Hazeldean was not entailed ; that it was his to do with as he pleased through life and in death. Indirect menace of this nature rather wounded and galled than intimidated Frank ; for the young man was extremely generous and high-spirited by nature, and was always more disposed to some indiscretion after such warnings to his self-interest, as if to show that those were the last kinds of appeal likely to influence him. By the help of such insights into the character of father and son, Randal thought he saw gleams of daylight illumining his own chance of the lands of Hazeldean. Meanwhile, it appeared to him obvious that, come what might of it, his own interests could not lose, and might most probably gain, by whatever could alienate the squire from his natural heir. Accordingly, though with consummate tact, he instigated Frank towards the very excesses most calculated to irritate the squire, all the while appearing rather to give the counter advice, and never sharing in any of the follies to which he conducted

his thoughtless friend. In this he worked chiefly through others, introducing Frank to every acquaintance most dangerous to youth, either from the wit that laughs at prudence, or the spurious magnificence that subsists so handsomely upon bills endorsed by friends of "great expectations."

The minister and his protégé were seated at breakfast, the first reading the newspaper, the last glancing over his letters; for Randal had arrived to the dignity of receiving many letters—ay, and notes too, three-cornered and fancifully embossed. Egerton uttered an exclamation, and laid down the paper. Randal looked up from his correspondence. The minister had sunk into one of his absent reveries.

After a long silence, observing that Egerton did not return to the newspaper, Randal said, "Ehem—sir, I have a note from Frank Hazeldean, who wants much to see me; his father has arrived in town unexpectedly."

"What brings him here?" asked Egerton, still abstractedly.

"Why, it seems that he has heard some vague reports of poor Frank's extravagance, and Frank is rather afraid or ashamed to meet him."

"Ay—a very great fault extravagance in the young!—destroys independence; ruins or enslaves the future. Great fault—very! And what does youth want that it should be extravagant? Has it not everything in itself, merely because it is? Youth is youth—what needs it more?"

Egerton rose as he said this, and retired to his writing-table, and in his turn opened his correspondence. Randal took up the newspaper, and endeavored, but in vain, to conjecture what had excited the minister's exclamation, and the reverie that succeeded it.

Egerton suddenly and sharply turned round in his chair—"If you have done with the *Times*, have the goodness to place it here."

Randal had just obeyed, when a knock at the street-door was heard, and presently Lord L'Estrange came into the room, with somewhat of a quicker step, and somewhat a gayer mien than usual.

Audley's hand, as if mechanically, fell upon the newspaper—fell upon that part of the columns devoted to births, deaths, and marriages. Randal stood by, and noted; then, bowing to L'Estrange, left the room.

"Audley," said L'Estrange, "I have had an adventure since I saw you—an adventure that reöpened the Past, and may influence my future."

"How?"

"In the first place, I have met with a relation of—of—the Avenels."

"Indeed! Whom—Richard Avenel?"

"Richard—Richard—who is he? Oh, I remember; the wild lad who went off to America; but that was when I was a mere child."

"That Richard Avenel is now a rich, thriving trader, and his marriage is in this newspaper—married to an honorable Mrs. M'Catchley. Well—in this country—who should plume himself on birth?"

"You did not say so always, Egerton," replied Harley, with a tone of mournful reproach.

"And I say so now, pertinently to a Mrs. M'Catchley, not to the heir of the L'Estranges. But no more of these—these Avenels."

"Yes, more of them. I tell you I have met a relation of theirs—a nephew of—of—"

"Of Richard Avenel's!" interrupted Egerton;

and then added, in the slow, deliberate, argumentative tone in which he was wont to speak in public, "Richard Avenel the trader! I saw him once—a presuming and intolerable man!"

"The nephew has not these sins. He is full of promise, of modesty, yet of pride. And his countenance—oh, Egerton, he has *her* eyes!"

Egerton made no answer. And Harley resumed—

"I had thought of placing him under your care. I knew you would provide for him."

"I will. Bring him hither," cried Egerton eagerly. "All that I can do to prove my—regard for a wish of yours."

Harley pressed his friend's hand warmly.

"I thank you from my heart; the Audley of my boyhood speaks now. But the young man has decided otherwise; and I do not blame him. Nay, I rejoice that he chooses a career in which, if he find hardship, he may escape dependence."

"And that career is—"

"Letters!"

"Letters—Literature!" exclaimed the statesman. "Beggary! No, no, Harley, this is your absurd romance."

"It will not be beggary, and it is not my romance; it is the boy's. Leave him alone, he is my care and my charge henceforth. He is of *her* blood, and I said that he had *her* eyes."

"But you are going abroad; let me know where he is; I will watch over him."

"And unsettle a right ambition for a wrong one? No—you shall know nothing of him till he can proclaim himself. I think that day will come."

Audley mused a moment, and then said, "Well, perhaps you are right. After all, as you say, independence is a great blessing, and my ambition has not rendered myself the better or the happier."

"Yet, my poor Audley, you ask me to be ambitious."

"I only wish you to be consoled," cried Egerton with passion.

"I will try to be so; and by the help of a milder remedy than yours. I said that my adventure might influence my future; it brought me acquainted not only with the young man I speak of, but the most winning, affectionate child—a girl."

"Is this child an Avenel too?"

"No, she is of gentle blood—a soldier's daughter; the daughter of that Captain Digby, on whose behalf I was a petitioner to your patronage. He is dead, and in dying, my name was on his lips. He meant me, doubtless, to be the guardian to his orphan. I shall be so. I have at last an object in life."

"But can you seriously mean to take this child with you abroad?"

"Seriously, I do."

"And lodge her in your own house?"

"For a year or so while she is yet a child. Then, as she approaches youth, I shall place her elsewhere."

"You may grow to love her. Is it clear that she will love you?—not mistake gratitude for love? It is a very hazardous experiment."

"So was William the Norman's—still he was William the Conqueror. Thou biddest me move on from the past, and be consoled, yet thou wouldst make me as inept to progress as the mule in Slawkenbergius' tale, with thy cursed interlocutions, 'Stumbling, by St. Nicholas, every step. Why, at this rate, we shall be all night getting into—' Happiness! Listen," continued Harley,

setting off, full pelt, into one of his wild, whimsical humors. "One of the sons of the prophets in Israel, felling wood near the River Jordan, his hatchet forsook the helve, and fell to the bottom of the river; so he prayed to have it again, (it was but a small request, mark you;) and having a strong faith, he did not throw the hatchet after the helve, but the helve after the hatchet. Presently two great miracles were seen. Up springs the hatchet from the bottom of the water, and fixes itself to its old acquaintance, the helve. Now, had he wished to coach it to heaven in a fiery chariot like Elias, be as rich as Job, strong as Samson, and beautiful as Absalom, would he have obtained it, do you think? In truth, my friend, I question it very much."

"I cannot comprehend what you mean. Sad stuff you are talking."

"I can't help that; Rabelais is to be blamed for it. I am quoting him, and it is to be found in his prologue to the chapters on the Moderation of Wishes. And apropos of 'moderate wishes in point of hatchet,' I want you to understand that I ask but little from Heaven. I fling but the helve after the hatchet that has sunk into the silent stream. I want the other half of the weapon that is buried fathom deep, and for want of which the thick woods darken round me by the Sacred River, and I can catch not a glimpse of the stars."

"In plain English," said Audley Egerton, "you want"—he stopped short, puzzled.

"I want my purpose and my will, and my old character, and the nature God gave me. I want the half of my soul which has fallen from me. I want such love as may replace to me the vanished affections. Reason not—I throw the helve after the hatchet."

CHAPTER XXI.

RANDAL LESLIE, on leaving Audley, repaired to Frank's lodgings, and, after being closeted with the young guardsman an hour or so, took his way to Limmer's hotel, and asked for Mr. Hazeldean. He was shown into the coffee-room, while the waiter went up stairs with his card, to see if the squire was within, and disengaged. The *Times* newspaper lay sprawling on one of the tables, and Randal, leaning over it, looked with attention into the column containing births, deaths, and marriages. But, in that long and miscellaneous list, he could not conjecture the name which had so excited Mr. Egerton's interest.

"Vexatious!" he muttered; "there is no knowledge which has power more useful than that of the secrets of men."

He turned as the waiter entered and said that Mr. Hazeldean would be glad to see him.

As Randal entered the drawing-room, the squire, shaking hands with him, looked towards the door as if expecting some one else, and his honest face assumed a blank expression of disappointment when the door closed, and he found that Randal was unaccompanied.

"Well," said he bluntly, "I thought your old school-fellow, Frank, might have been with you."

"Have not you seen him yet, sir?"

"No, I came to town this morning; travelled outside the mail; sent to his barracks, but the young gentleman does not sleep there—has an apartment of his own; he never told me that. We are a plain family, the Hazeldeans—young

sir; and I hate being kept in the dark, by my own son too."

Randal made no answer, but looked sorrowful. The squire, who had never before seen his kinsman, had a vague idea that it was not polite to entertain a stranger, though a connection to himself, with his family troubles, and so resumed good-naturedly,

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance at last, Mr. Leslie. You know, I hope, that you have good Hazeldean blood in your veins!"

Randal, (smiling).—"I am not likely to forget that; it is the boast of our pedigree."

Squire, (heartily).—"Shake hands again on it, my boy. You don't want a friend, since my grandee of a half-brother has taken you up; but if ever you should, Hazeldean is not very far from Rood. Can't get on with your father at all, my lad—more's the pity, for I think I could have given him a hint or two as to the improvement of his property. If he would plant those ugly commons—larch and fir soon come into profit, sir; and there are some low lands about Rood that would take mighty kindly to draining."

Randal.—"My poor father lives a life so retired, and you cannot wonder at it. Fallen trees lie still, and so do fallen families."

Squire.—"Fallen families can get up again, which fallen trees can't."

Randal.—"Ah, sir, it often takes the energy of generations to repair the thriftlessness and extravagance of a single owner."

Squire, (his brow lowering).—"That's very true. Frank is d-d extravagant; treats me very coolly, too—not coming; near three o'clock. By the by, I suppose he told you where I was; otherwise how did you find me out?"

Randal, (reluctantly).—"Sir, he did; and, to speak frankly, I am not surprised that he has not yet appeared."

Squire.—"Eh!"

Randal.—"We have grown very intimate."

Squire.—"So he writes me word—and I am glad of it. Our member, Sir John, tells me you are a very clever fellow, and a very steady one. And Frank says that he wishes he had your prudence, if he can't have your talents. He has a good heart, Frank," added the father, reluctantly. "But, zounds, sir, you say you are not surprised he has not come to welcome his own father!"

"My dear sir," said Randal, "you wrote word to Frank that you had heard, from Sir John and others, of his goings-on, and that you were not satisfied with his replies to your letters."

"Well."

"And then you suddenly come up to town."

"Well."

"Well. And Frank is ashamed to meet you.

For, as you say, he has been extravagant, and he has exceeded his allowance; and, knowing my respect for you, and my great affection for himself, he has asked me to prepare you to receive his confession and forgive him. I know I am taking a great liberty. I have no right to interfere between father and son; but pray—pray think I mean for the best."

"Humph!" said the squire, recovering himself very slowly, and showing evident pain. "I knew already that Frank had spent more than he ought; but I think he should not have employed a third person to prepare me to forgive him. (Excuse me—no offence.) And if he wanted a third person,

was not there his own mother! What the devil!—(firing up)—am I a tyrant—a bashaw—that my own son is afraid to speak to me! Gad, I'll give it him!"

"Pardon me, sir," said Randal, assuming at once that air of authority which superior intellect so well carries off and excuses. "But I strongly advise you not to express any anger at Frank's confidence in me. At present I have influence over him. Whatever you may think of his extravagance, I have saved him from many an indiscretion, and many a debt—a young man will listen to one of his own age so much more readily than even to the kindest friend of graver years. Indeed, sir, I speak for your sake as well as for Frank's. Let me keep this influence over him; and don't reproach him for the confidence he places in me. Nay, let him rather think that I have softened any displeasure you might otherwise have felt."

There seemed so much good sense in what Randal said, and the kindness of it seemed so disinterested, that the squire's native shrewdness was deceived.

"You are a fine young fellow," said he, "and I am very much obliged to you. Well, I suppose there is no putting old heads upon young shoulders; and I promise you I'll not say an angry word to Frank. I dare say, poor boy, he is very much afflicted, and I long to shake hands with him. So, set his mind at ease."

"Ah, sir," said Randal, with much apparent emotion, "your son may well love you; and it seems to be a hard matter for so kind a heart as yours to preserve the proper firmness with him."

"Oh, I can be firm enough," quoth the squire—"especially when I don't see him—handsome dog that he is—very like his mother—don't you think so?"

"I never saw his mother, sir."

"Gad! Not seen my Harry? No more you have; you must come and pay us a visit. We have your grandmother's picture, when she was a girl, with a crook in one hand and a bunch of lilies in the other. I suppose my half-brother will let you come?"

"To be sure, sir. Will you not call on him while you are in town?"

"Not I. He would think I expected to get something from the government. Tell him the ministers must go on a little better, if they want my vote for their member. But go. I see you are impatient to tell Frank that all's forgot and forgiven. Come and dine with him here at six, and let him bring his bills in his pocket. Oh, I shan't scold him."

"Why, as to that," said Randal, smiling, "I think (forgive me still) that you should not take it too easily; just as I think that you had better not blame him for his very natural and praiseworthy shame in approaching you, so I think, also, that you should do nothing that would tend to diminish that shame—it is such a check on him. And therefore, if you can contrive to affect to be angry with him for the extravagance, it will do good."

"You speak like a book, and I'll try my best."

"If you threaten, for instance, to take him out of the army, and settle him in the country, it would have a very good effect."

"What! would he think it so great a punishment to come home and live with his parents?"

"I don't say that; but he is naturally so fond of London. At his age, and with his large inheritance, that is natural."

"Inheritance!" said the squire, moodily—"inheritance! he is not thinking of that, I trust? Zounds, sir, I have as good a life as his own. Inheritance!—to be sure the Casino property is entailed on him; but, as for the rest, sir, I am no tenant for life. I could leave the Hazeldean lands to my ploughman if I chose it. Inheritance, indeed!"

"My dear sir, I did not mean to imply that Frank would entertain the unnatural and monstrous idea of calculating on your death; and all we have to do is to get him to sow his wild oats as soon as possible—marry and settle down into the country. For it would be a thousand pities if his town habits and tastes grew permanent—a bad thing for the Hazeldean property, that. And," added Randal, laughing, "I feel an interest in the old place, since my grandmother comes of the stock. So, just force yourself to seem angry, and grumble a little when you pay the bills."

"Ah, ah, trust me," said the squire doggedly, and with a very altered air. "I am much obliged to you for these hints, my young kinsman." And his stout hand trembled a little as he extended it to Randal.

Leaving Limmer's Randal hastened to Frank's rooms in St. James' street. "My dear fellow," said he, when he entered, "it is very fortunate that I persuaded you to let me break matters to your father. You might well say that he was rather passionate; but I have contrived to soothe him. You need not fear that he will not pay your debts."

"I never feared that," said Frank, changing color; "I only feared his anger. But, indeed, I fear his kindness still more. What a reckless hound I have been! However, it shall be a lesson to me. And my debts once paid, I will turn as economical as yourself."

"Quite right, Frank. And, indeed, I am a little afraid that, when your father knows the total, he may execute a threat that would be very unpleasant to you."

"What's that?"

"Make you sell out, and give up London."

"The devil!" exclaimed Frank, with fervent emphasis; "that would be treating me like a child."

"Why, it *would* make you seem rather ridiculous to your set, which is not a very rural one. And you, who like London so much, and are so much in the fashion."

"Don't talk of it," cried Frank, walking to and fro the room in great disorder.

"Perhaps, on the whole, it might be well not to say all you owe at once. If you named half the sum, your father would let you off with a lecture; and really I tremble at the effect of the total."

"But how shall I pay the other half?"

"Oh, you must save from your allowance; it is a very liberal one; and the tradesmen are not pressing."

"No—but the cursed bill-brokers!"

"Always renew to a young man of your expectations. And, if I get into an office, I can always help you, my dear Frank."

"Ah, Randal, I am not so bad as to take advantage of your friendship," said Frank warmly. "But it seems to me mean, after all, and a sort of a lie, indeed, disguising the real state of my affairs. I should not have listened to the idea from any one else. But you are such a sensible, kind, honorable fellow."

"After epithets so flattering, I shrink from the responsibility of advice. But, apart from your own interests, I should be glad to save your father the pain he would feel at knowing the whole extent of the scrape you have got into. And if it entailed on you the necessity to lay by—and give up hazard, and not be security for other men—why it would be the best thing that could happen. Really, too, it seems hard upon Mr. Hazeldean, that he should be the only sufferer, and quite just that you should bear half your own burdens."

"So it is, Randal; that did not strike me before. I will take your counsel; and now I will go at once to Limmer's. My dear father! I hope he is looking well?"

"Oh, very. Such a contrast to the sallow Londoners! But I think you had better not go till dinner. He has asked me to meet you at six. I will call for you a little before, and we can go together. This will prevent a great deal of *gêne* and constraint. Good-bye till then.—Ha!—by the way, I think, if I were you, I would not take the matter too seriously and penitentially. You see the best of fathers like to keep their sons under their thumb, as the saying is. And, if you want at your age to preserve your independence, and not to be hurried off and buried in the country, like a schoolboy in disgrace, a little manliness of bearing would not be amiss. You can think over it."

The dinner at Limmer's went off very differently from what it ought to have done. Randal's words had sunk deep, and rankled sorely in the squire's mind; and that impression imparted a certain coldness to his manner which belied the hearty, forgiving, generous impulse with which he had come up to London, and which even Randal had not yet altogether whispered away. On the other hand, Frank, embarrassed both by the sense of disingenuousness, and a desire "not to take the thing too seriously," seemed to the squire ungracious and thankless.

After dinner, the squire began to hum and haw, and Frank to color up and shrink. Both felt discomposed by the presence of a third person; till, with an art and address worthy of a better cause, Randal himself broke the ice, and so contrived to remove the restraint he had before imposed, that, at length, each was heartily glad to have matters made clear and brief by his dexterity and tact.

Frank's debts were not in reality large; and, when he named the half of them—looking down in shame—the squire, agreeably surprised, was about to express himself with a liberal heartiness that would have opened his son's excellent heart at once to him. But a warning look from Randal checked the impulse; and the squire thought it right, as he had promised to affect an anger he did not feel, and let fall the unlucky threat, "that it was all very well once in a way to exceed his allowance; but, if Frank did not, in future, show more sense than to be led away by a set of London sharks and coxcombs, he must cut the army, come home, and take to farming."

Frank imprudently exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have no taste for farming! And after London, at my age, the country would be so horribly dull."

"Aha!" said the squire, very grimly—and he thrust back into his pocket-book some extra bank-notes which his fingers had itched to add to those he had already counted out. "The country is terribly dull, is it? Money goes there not upon follies and vices, but upon employing honest laborers, and increasing the wealth of the nation. It does

not please you to spend money in that way: it is a pity you should ever be plagued with such duties."

"My dear father—"

"Hold your tongue, you puppy! Oh, I dare say, if you were in my shoes, you would cut down the oaks, and mortgage the property—sell it, for what I know—all go on a cast of the dice! Aha, sir—very well, very well—the country is horribly dull, is it? Pray, stay in town."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal blandly, and as if with the wish to turn off into a joke what threatened to be serious, "you must not interpret a hasty expression so literally. Why, you would make Frank as bad as Lord A——, who wrote word to his steward to cut down more timber; and when the steward replied, 'There are only three signposts left on the whole estate,' wrote back, 'They've done growing, at all events—down with them.' You ought to know Lord A——, sir; so witty; and—Frank's particular friend."

"Your particular friend, Master Frank? Pretty friends!"—and the squire buttoned up the pocket, to which he had transferred his note-book with a determined air.

"But I'm his friend, too," said Randal kindly; "and I preach to him properly, I can tell you." Then, as if delicately anxious to change the subject, he began to ask questions upon crops, and the experiment of bone manure. He spoke earnestly, and with *gusto*, yet with the deference of one listening to a great practical authority. Randal had spent the afternoon in cramming the subject from agricultural journals and parliamentary reports; and, like all practised readers, had really learned in a few hours more than many a man, unaccustomed to study, could gain from books in a year. The squire was surprised and pleased at the young scholar's information and taste for such subjects.

"But, to be sure," quoth he, with an angry look at poor Frank, "you have good Hazeldean blood in you, and know a bean from a turnip."

"Why, sir," said Randal, ingenuously, "I am training myself for public life; and what is a public man worth if he do not study the agriculture of his country?"

"Right—what is he worth? Put that question, with my compliments, to my half-brother. What stuff he did talk, the other night, on the malt-tax, to be sure!"

"Mr. Egerton has had so many other things to think of, that we must excuse his want of information upon one topic, however important. With his strong sense, he must acquire that information, sooner or later; for he is fond of power; and, sir—knowledge is power!"

"Very true;—very fine saying," quoth the squire unsuspiciously, as Randal's eye rested upon Mr. Hazeldean's open face, and then glanced towards Frank, who looked sad and bored.

"Yes," repeated Randal, "knowledge is power;" and he shook his head wisely, as he passed the bottle to his host.

Still, when the squire, who meant to return to the hall next morning, took leave of Frank, his heart warmed to his son; and still more for Frank's dejected looks. It was not Randal's policy to push estrangement too far at first, and in his own presence.

"Speak to poor Frank—kindly now, sir—do;" whispered he, observing the squire's watery eyes, as he moved to the window.

The squire rejoiced to obey—thrust out his hand to his son—"My dear boy," said he, "there, don't fret—pshaw!—it was but a trifle after all. Think no more of it."

Frank took the hand, and suddenly threw his arm round his father's broad shoulder.

"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good." His voice trembled so, that Randal took alarm, passed by him, and touched him meaningly.

The squire pressed his son to his heart—heart so large, that it seemed to fill the whole width under his broadcloth.

"My dear Frank," said he, half blubbering, "it is not the money; but, you see, it so vexes your poor mother; you must be careful in future; and, zounds, boy, it will be all yours one day; only don't calculate on it; I could not bear *that*—I could not, indeed."

"Calculate!" cried Frank. "Oh sir, can you think it?"

"I am so delighted that I had some slight hand in your complete reconciliation with Mr. Hazeldean," said Randal, as the young men walked from the hotel. "I saw that you were disheartened, and I told him to speak to you kindly."

"Did you? Ah—I am sorry he needed telling."

"I know his character so well already," said Randal, "that I flatter myself I can always keep things between you as they ought to be. What an excellent man!"

"The best man in the world," cried Frank, heartily; and then, as his accents drooped, "yet I have deceived him. I have a great mind to go back—"

"And tell him to give you twice as much money as you had asked for. He would think you had only seemed so affectionate in order to take him in. No, no, Frank—save—lay by—economize; and then tell him that you have paid half your own debts. Something high-minded in that."

"So there is. Your heart is as good as your head. Good night."

"Are you going home so early? Have you no engagements?"

"None that I shall keep."

"Good night, then."

They parted, and Randal walked into one of the fashionable clubs. He neared a table, where three or four young men (younger sons, who lived in the most splendid style, Heaven knew how) were still over their wine.

Leslie had little in common with these gentlemen; but he forced his nature to be agreeable to them, in consequence of a very excellent piece of wordly advice given to him by Audley Egerton. "Never let the dandies call you a prig," said the statesman. "Many a clever fellow fails through life, because the silly fellows, whom half a word well spoken could make his *claqueurs*, turn him into ridicule. Whatever you are, avoid the fault of most reading men; in a word, don't be a prig!"

"I have just left Hazeldean," said Randal—"what a good fellow he is!"

"Capital," said the honorable George Borrow-well. "Where is he?"

"Why, he is gone to his rooms. He has had a little scene with his father, a thorough, rough country squire. It would be an act of charity if you would go and keep him company, or take him with you to some place a little more lively than his own lodgings."

"What! the old gentleman has been teasing

him!—a horrid shame! Why, Frank is not expensive, and he will be very rich—eh?"

"An immense property," said Randal, "and not a mortgage on it; an only son," he added turning away.

Among these young gentlemen there was a kindly and most benevolent whisper, and presently they all rose, and walked away towards Frank's lodgings.

"The wedge is in the tree," said Randal to himself, "and there is a gap already between the bark and the wood."

CHAPTER XXII.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE is seated beside Helen at the lattice-window in the cottage at Norwood. The bloom of reviving health is on the child's face, and she is listening with a smile, for Harley is speaking of Leonard with praise, and of Leonard's future with hope. "And thus," he continued, "secure from his former trials, happy in his occupation, and pursuing the career he has chosen, we must be content, my dear child, to leave him."

"Leave him!" exclaimed Helen, and the rose on her cheek faded.

Harley was not displeased to see her emotion. He would have been disappointed in her heart if it had been less susceptible to affection.

"It is hard on you, Helen," said he, "to separate you from one who has been to you as a brother. Do not hate me for doing so. But I consider myself your guardian, and your home as yet must be mine. We are going from this land of cloud and mist, going as into the world of summer. Well, that does not content you. You weep, my child; you mourn your own friend, but do not forget your father's. I am alone, and often sad, Helen; will you not comfort me? You press my hand, but you must learn to smile on me also. You are born to be the Comforter. Comforters are not egotists; they are always cheerful when they console."

The voice of Harley was so sweet, and his words went so home to the child's heart, that she looked up and smiled in his face as he kissed her ingenuous brow. But then she thought of Leonard, and felt so solitary—so bereft—that tears burst forth again. Before these were dried, Leonard himself entered, and, obeying an irresistible impulse, she sprang to his arms, and, leaning her head on his shoulder, sobbed out, "I am going from you, brother—do not grieve—do not miss me."

Harley was much moved; he folded his arms, and contemplated them both silently—and his own eyes were moist. "This heart," thought he, "will be worth the winning!"

He drew aside Leonard, and whispered, "Soothe, but encourage and support her. I leave you together; come to me in the garden later."

It was nearly an hour before Leonard joined Harley.

"She was not weeping when you left her?" asked L'Estrange.

"No; she has more fortitude than we might suppose. Heaven knows how that fortitude has supported mine. I have promised to write to her often."

Harley took two strides across the lawn, and then, coming back to Leonard, said, "Keep your promise, and write often for the first year. I would then ask you to let the correspondence drop gradually."

"Drop!—Ah, my lord!"

"Look you, my young friend, I wish to lead this fair mind wholly from the sorrows of the Past. I wish Helen to enter, not abruptly, but step by step, into a new life. You love each other now, as do two children—as brother and sister. But later, if encouraged, would the love be the same? And is it not better for both of you, that youth should open upon the world with youth's natural affections free and unforestalled?"

"True! And she is so above me," said Leonard mournfully.

"No one is above him who succeeds in your ambition, Leonard. It is not *that*, believe me!"

Leonard shook his head.

"Perhaps," said Harley with a smile, "I rather feel that you are above me. For what vantage-ground is so high as youth? Perhaps I may become jealous of you. It is well that she should learn to like one who is to be henceforth her guardian and protector. Yet, how can she like me as she ought, if her heart is to be full of you?"

The boy bowed his head; and Harley hastened to change the subject, and speak of letters and of glory. His words were eloquent, and his voice kindling; for he had been an enthusiast for fame in his boyhood; and in Leonard's his own seemed to him to revive. But the poet's heart gave back no echo—suddenly it seemed void and desolate. Yet when Leonard walked back by the moonlight, he muttered to himself, "Strange—strange—so mere a child, this cannot be love! Still what else to love is there left to me?"

And so he paused upon the bridge where he had so often stood with Helen, and on which he had found the protector that had given to her a home—to himself a career. And life seemed very long, and fame but a dreary phantom. Courage, still, Leonard! These are the sorrows of the heart that teach thee more than all the precepts of sage and critic.

Another day, and Helen had left the shores of England, with her fanciful and dreaming guardian.

Years will pass before our tale reopens. Life in all the forms we have seen it travels on. And the squire farms and hunts; and the parson preaches and chides and soothes. And Riccabocca reads his Machiavelli, and sighs and smiles as he moralizes on Men and States. And Violante's dark eyes grow deeper and more spiritual in their lustre; and her beauty takes thought from solitary dreams. And Mr. Richard Avenel has his house in London, and the honorable Mrs. Avenel her opera box; and hard and dire is their struggle into fashion, and hotly does the new man, scorning the aristocracy, pant to become aristocrat. And Audley Egerton goes from the office to the parliament, and drudges, and debates, and helps to govern the empire in which the sun never sets. Poor Sun, how tired he must be—but not more tired than the government! And Randal Leslie has an excellent place in the bureau of a minister, and is looking to the time when he shall resign it to come into parliament, and on that large arena turn knowledge into power. And, meanwhile, he is much where he was with Audley Egerton; but he has established intimacy with the squire, and visited Hazeldean twice, and examined the house and the map of the property—and very nearly fallen a second time into the Ha-ha, and the squire believes that Randal Leslie alone can keep Frank out of mischief, and has spoken rough words to his Harry about Frank's continued extravagance. And Frank does continue to pursue pleasure, and is very miserable, and horribly in debt. And Madame di Megra has gone from London to Paris, and taken a tour into Switzerland, and come back to London again, and has grown very intimate with Randal Leslie; and Randal has introduced Frank to her; and Frank thinks her the loveliest woman in the world, and grossly slandered by certain evil tongues. And the brother of Madame di Negra is expected in England at last; and what with his repute for beauty and for wealth, people anticipate a sensation; and Leonard, and Harley, and Helen! Patience—they will all reappear.

A SURGICAL operation under the influence of chloroform has just terminated fatally, to the regret of the public, to whom the patient was well known. One of the bears in the Zoological Garden, Berlin, suffering from cataract of the eye, an eminent surgeon and a party of *gelehrter* assembled to undertake his cure. Bruin was tempted to the bars of his den by the offer of some bread, and then secured by ropes and a muzzle. After a stout resistance, chloroform was administered. In a state of insensibility the cataract was removed, and the bonds untied, but the patient showed no signs of life! Feathers to the nose, cold buckets of water, and bleeding produced no effect. Poor Bruin had gone whither the great tortoise, two ostriches, and the African lion have preceded him, for the managers of the Berlin gardens are decidedly unlucky. With the trifling drawback of the death of the subject, the operation was skilfully and successfully performed.

&c. The chief lot consisted of 8 vols. of original MS., one containing the autograph of the original copy of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the "Long Story," the songs of "Thyrsis when we parted swore," and "Midst beauty and pleasure's gay triumphs to languish," &c. The other volumes comprise miscellanies, correspondence, the poet's notes while reading, metaphysical papers, odes, &c., the whole bound in olive-colored morocco, with elegant borders. This lot produced 500*l*. The remaining principal lots were Chas. Churchill's Poetical Works, 2 vols., in morocco, with many of Gray's MS. notes—sold for 17*l*.; Edmund Hyde, Earl of Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England," began in the year 1641, written by himself, 49*l*. 10*s*.; six MS. note-books used by Gray during his travels on the continent and his journeys to England, 24*l*.; Linnaeus' "Systema Naturae per Regna," &c., 86*l*.; Milton's Poetical Works, 2 vols., morocco, having MS. passages selected from the Scriptures, and from various authors ancient and modern, 37*l*. The valuable collection of manuscript music made by Gray while in Italy, 12*l*.; John Stow's "Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster," 2 vols., 14*l*. 10*s*.; Virgil's Works translated into English Verse by Dryden, 3 vols., with autograph "Thos. Gray" on the fly leaf, 17*l*. 6*s*.; the works of Shakspeare collected, with the old copies by L. Theobald, 8 vols., with various emendations and corrections, &c., 12*l*. 10*s*.

SALE OF THE INTERESTING COLLECTION OF MANUSCRIPTS AND BOOKS OF THE POET GRAY.—Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, at their house, Wellington street, Strand, recently sold the interesting collection of manuscripts and books of the poet Gray, with various editions of his works, a posthumous bust, a painting—"Views of Gray's Tomb and Churchyard," by Bacon; five original drawings by Westall, R. A.,

From Household Words.

SHADOWS.

THE SHADOW OF BEN JONSON'S MOTHER.

In Hartshorn Lane, near Charing Cross, about the year 1580, dwells Mr. Thomas Fowler, a master bricklayer. He had married, in 1575, Mrs. Margaret Jonson, a widow; and had become the protector of her little boy, Benjamin, then about a year and a half old.

Benjamin is now in his sixth year. He duly attends the parish school in St. Martin's Church; for his father was "a grave minister of the gospel," and his mother is anxious that her only child, poor although he must be, shall lack no advantages of education. We see the sturdy boy daily pacing to school, through the rough and miry way of that half-rural district. In his play-hours he is soon in the fields, picking blackberries in Hedge Lane, or flying his kite by the Windmill in Saint Giles'. His father-in-law is a plain, industrious, trusty man—not rich enough to undertake any of the large works which the luxurious wants of the town present; and oftentimes interfered with, in the due course of his labor, by royal proclamations against the increase of houses, which are rigidly enforced when a humble man desires to build a cottage. But young Ben has found friends. To the parish school sometimes comes Master Camden; and he observes the bold boy, always at the head of his class, and not unfrequently having his "clear and fair skin" disfigured by combats with his dirty companions, who litter about the alleys of Saint Martin's Lane. The boy has won good Master Camden's heart; and so, in due time, he proposes to remove him to Westminster School.

Let us look at the Shadow of his Mother, as she debates this question with her husband, at their frugal supper. "The boy must earn his living," says the bricklayer. "He is strong enough to be of help to me. He can mix the mortar; he will soon be able to carry the hod. Learning! stuff! he has had learning enow for all the good it will do him."—"Thomas Fowler," responds the mother, "if I wear my fingers to the bone, my boy shall never carry the hod. Master Camden, a good man, and a learned, will pay for his schooling. Shall we not give him his poor meals and his pallet-bed? Master Camden says he will make his way. I owe it to the memory of him who is gone, that Benjamin shall be a scholar, and perhaps a minister."—"Yes; and be persecuted for his opinions, as his father was. These are ticklish times, Margaret—the lowest are the safest. Ben is passionate, and obstinate, and will quarrel for a straw. Make him a scholar, and he becomes Papist or Puritan—the quiet way is not for the like of him. He shall be apprenticed to me, wife, and earn his daily bread safely and honestly." Night after night is the debate renewed. But the mother triumphs. Ben does go to Westminster School. He has hard fare at home; he has to endure many a taunt as he sits apart in the Abbey cloisters, intent upon his task. But Camden is his instructor and his friend. The bricklayer's boy fights his way to distinction.

Look again at the Shadow of that proud Mother as, after three or four anxious years, she hears of his advancement. He has an exhibition. He is to remove to Cambridge. Her Benjamin must be a bishop. Thomas Fowler is incredulous—and he is not generous: "When Benjamin leaves this roof he must shift for himself, wife." The mother drops

one tear when her boy departs:—the leathern purse which holds her painful savings is in Benjamin's pocket

It is a summer night of 1590, when Benjamin Jonson walks into the poor house of Hartshorn Lane. He is travel-stained and weary. His jerkin is half hidden beneath a dirty cloak. That jerkin, which looked so smart in a mother's eyes when last they parted, is strangely shrunk—or, rather, has not the spare boy grown into a burly youth, although the boy's jerkin must still do service? The bricklayer demands his business:—the wife falls upon his neck. And well may the bricklayer know him not. His face is "pimpled": hard work and irregular living have left their marks upon him. The exhibition has been insufficient for his maintenance. His spirit has been sorely wounded. The scholar of sixteen thinks he should prefer the daily bread which is to be won by the labor of his hands, to the hunger for which pride has no present solace. Benjamin Jonson becomes a bricklayer.

And now, for two years, has the mother—her hopes wholly gone, her love only the same—to bear up under the burden of conflicting duties. The young man duly works at the most menial tasks of his business. He has won his way to handle a trowel;—but he is not conformable in all things. "Wife," says Thomas Fowler, "that son of yours will never prosper. Cannot he work—and cannot he eat his meals—without a Greek book in his vest? This very noon must he seat himself, at dinner-hour, in the shade of the wall in Chancery Lane, on which he had been laboring; and then comes a reverend Benchman and begins discourse with him; and Ben shows him his book—and they talk as if they were equal. Margaret, he is too grand for me; he is above his trade."—"Shame on ye, husband! Does he not work, honestly and defily? and will you grudge him his books?"—"He haunts the playhouses; he sits in the pit—and cracks nuts—and hisses or claps hands, in a way quite unbecoming a bricklayer's apprentice. Margaret, I fear he will come to no good." One night there is a fearful quarrel. It is late when Benjamin returns home. In silence and darkness, the son and mother meet. She is resolved. "Benjamin, my son, my dear son, we will endure this life no longer. There is a sword;—it was your grandfather's. A gentleman wore it; a gentleman shall still wear it. Go to the Low Countries. Volunteers are called for. There is an expedition to Ostend. Take with you these few crowns, and God prosper you."

Another year, and Benjamin's campaign is ended. At the hearth in Hartshorn Lane sits Margaret Fowler—in solitude. There will be no more strife about her son. Death has settled the controversy. Margaret is very poor. Her trade is unprosperous; for the widow is defrauded by her servants. "Mother, there is my grandfather's sword—it has done service; and, now, I will work for you."—"How, my son?"—"I will be a bricklayer again." We see the Shadow of the Mother, as she strives to make her son content. He has no longer "the lime and mortar" hands with which it was his after-fate to be reproached; but he bestows the master's eye upon his mother's workmen. Yet he has hours of leisure. There is a chamber in the old house now filled with learned books. He reads, and he writes, as his own pleasure dictates. "Mother," he one day says, "I wish to marry."—"Do so, my son; bring

your wife home; we will dwell together." So a few years roll on. He and his wife weep

Mary, the daughter of their youth.

But there is an event approaching which sets aside sorrow. "Daughter," says the ancient lady, "we must to the Rose Playhouse to-night. There is a new play to be acted, and that play is Benjamin's."—"Yes, mother, he has had divers moneys already. Not much, I wot, seeing the labor he has given to this 'Comedy of Humors'—five shillings, and ten shillings, and, once, a pound."—"No matter, daughter, he will be famous. I always knew he would be famous." A calamity clouds that fame. The play-writer has quarrels on every side. In the autumn of 1598, Philip Henslowe, the manager of "the Lord Admiral's men," writes thus to his son-in-law, Alleyn:—"Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurteth me greatly—that is, Gabriel; for he is slain in Hogsden Fields, by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." Twenty years after, the great dramatist, the laureat, thus relates the story to Drummond:—"Being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, which had him hurt in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his; for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows." There is the proud Shadow of a Roman Matron hovering about his cell, in those hours when the gallows loomed darkly in the future.

The scholar and the poet has won his fame. Bricklayer no longer, Ben is the companion of the illustrious. Shakspeare hath "wit-combats" with him; Camden and Selden try his metal, in learned controversies: Raleigh, and Beaumont, and Donne, and Fletcher, exchange with him "words of subtle flame" at "The Mermaid." But a new trouble arises—James is come to the throne. Hear Jonson's account of a remarkable transaction:—"He was delated by Sir James Murray to the king, for writing something against the Scots, in a play, 'Eastward Ho,' and voluntarily imprisoned himself, with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then have had their ears cut, and noses." They are at length released. We see the shadow of a banquet, which the poet gave to his friends in commemoration of his deliverance. There is a joyous company of immortals at that feast. There, too, is that loving and faithful mother. The wine-cups are flowing; there are song and jest, eloquence, and the passionate earnestness with which such friends speak when the heart is opened. But there is one, whose shadow we now see, more passionate and more earnest than any of that company. She rises, with a full goblet in her hand:—"Son, I drink to thee. Benjamin, my beloved son, thrice I drink to thee. See ye this paper; one grain of the subtle drug which it holds is death. Even as we now pledge each other in rich canary, would I have pledged thee in lusty strong poison, had thy sentence taken execution. Thy shame would have been my shame, and neither of us should have lived after it."

"She was no churl," says Benjamin.

THE SHADOWS OF ELLEN AND MARY.

The street-door is ajar, and Ellen enters. She pauses in the empty hall, for sounds Come, from the right, of music—soft, low sounds Of one preluding on the organ, rapt

Into an ecstasy at his own touch

She pauses still; for, on the left she hears A querulous voice, and then a long-drawn sigh: She opens the left hand door—Mary sits weeping.

"Yes, Ellen, I am wretched—I, the bride Two little months ago, am very wretched. I am a lonely woman: in the morning He drudges with his boys; then comes the dinner—A short, sad meal; and then—hear you that organ?—I hate those notes he calls 'a winding bout Of linked sweetness.' Then, at eventide, He reads aloud some dismal tragedy, Or puritanic sermon. I'm weary on 't."

"Mary, I grieve for you; but not because Of what you think your loneliness. Believe me, There's something heavier than a weary hour—Heavier to bear in this new life of yours. Forgive me if I say the fault is one That oft besets our sex—we seek delights When man asks only sympathy. Knew you not What manner of mind was his?—what earnestness? Deep contemplation—proud and resolute will—A poet's tenderness, but yet withal The heroic heart, to do and suffer all things For duty? Mary, you must mould your spirit To his more lofty nature. Did he win you By common blandishments—by bows and smiles?—Talked he, as Charles' cavaliers would talk, When they danced at Forest-hill?"

"I thought him beautiful— I knew him wise; he held my soul subdued To his most absolute power. I loved and trembled— And yet I loved. I was a giddy girl, Brought up in country pleasures. My heart yearns For the old revelries. And, then, I dread To listen to his talk, of kings discredited For their misdoings, and of mitred bishops Thrust from the altar. He is very stern. Would I had never left my father's house!"

"Your father's house was a strange house for him To find a wife in—so short a courtship, too! But now your husband's party must be yours, And not your father's. 'Tis an evil time— Friend against friend, and brother against brother."

"My brothers are with the king; they draw the swords

Of loyal subjects. My husband does not fight, Save with the pen; but he writes bitter words— Foul, rebel words, they say. I cannot read them: I will not listen when he eagerly paces The garden up and down, declaiming loud His eloquent sentences, of Liberty, And private Judgment—and I know not what. Would I had never left my father's house!"

A year has gone since Mary was a bride. She sits at her father's hearth. The autumn flowers Have perished at Forest-hill, and now the earliest Are blooming there. Mary has gathered both— Fled from her husband. A false cheerfulness Flickers about her face; there is no radiance Of inward peace now beaming from her eyes. Ofttimes is gayety within that house: Lovelocks are floating in the midnight dance; Cups are there drained, with tipsy shouts of joy At rumors of success, and threats of vengeance Poured forth with curses, as some news is heard Of rebel daring. The king's quarters are nigh, Some five miles off, at Oxford. Volunteers, And plumed ensigns, reckless, fiery spirits, Hover round Mary. There are sometimes sneers Whispered, not very low, at widowed wives; And some would think that freedoms might be safe. But Mary keeps her innocence: the mind, Undisciplined and weak, is gathering strength. At first, she never uses her husband's name: She is plain Mary. Now and then she hears Men speak that name in hatred; but they speak With fear, too, of his might. There comes one thither

Who loved him once ; they parted in deep anger.
 Milton and Cleveland went their several ways.
 But Cleveland speaks no bitter word to Mary
 Of that old college friend. He has within him
 The poet's yearnings ; and the nobleness
 With which a poet bows before the genius
 Even of a rival and an enemy.
 Though wassail, and the license of the camp,
 Made him a scornee and a ballad-monger,
 He scorned not him who wrote that lofty book
 The "Areopagitica." Mary hears
 From him some gentle memories of the man
 Whose soul had awed her. Then remorse creeps in ;
 And she daily weeps to think what cold replies
 Her stubbornness had given his mild requests,
 And then his brief commands, for her return.
 The summer comes. Fear is within that house
 Where late was revelry—galliards and country-
 rounds,
 And moonlit madrigals on dewy lawns.
 Fear now abides there, for the news has reached
 Of Naseby field. Ruin is drawing near.
 The sequestrators come ; and Mary's father
 Hurries to London.

Ellen is sitting in her father's house—
 A garden-house in the city. She is reading.
 A grave and learned book is on her knee—
 "The Doctrine and the Discipline of Divorce."
 "Down, idle fancies ! Perish, wicked thoughts !
 Thou great logician, thou hast steeped thy argument
 In the deep dye of thy hopes. I could hope, too :
 But I will strive against temptation. Lord,
 Forgive my erring and tumultuous thoughts !
 It cannot be—it is not true—that difference
 Of temper—incompatibility—make
 A cause of final separation. Yet
 How hard it is !—
 It is not just ; for what a crowd would rush,
 Upon that plea, to sever household ties,
 Play false with oaths—"

Mary is on the threshold.
 Another minute, and she bathes the cheek
 Of Ellen with hot tears.

"I knew him not—
 Knew not his greatness—nor his gentleness.
 I wronged him, Ellen ; yet he hath redeemed
 My father from deep ruin. Will he spurn me ?
 Yes, he will spurn me. Ellen, I would ask
 Forgiveness, and then die."

The book is shut.
 Another morn, and Mary's husband comes
 At Ellen's bidding. There is mystery.
 A sob—and then a silence—then a rush.
 Mary is kneeling at her husband's feet,
 And Ellen joins their hands.

From the Examiner.

"HUMBLE WEALTH."

Not oaks alone are trees, or roses flowers ;
 Much humble wealth makes rich this earth of ours.
 Leigh Hunt.

He who goeth forth in earnest,
 With a wise and cheerful mind,
 In the lowliest works of Nature
 Wonders rare and fresh shall find.
 Every blade of grass that springeth,
 Every leaflet of the wood,
 Every shell on Ocean's margin,
 Hath an influence for good.

Not alone in groves majestic,
 Or in stately garden bowers,
 Are her lessons mild and kindly
 Taught by streamlets and by flowers.

Not alone to gorgeous landscapes
 Of the realms of grape and song,
 But to England's fields and hedgerows
 Doth this priceless charm belong.

E'en the fuchsia's ruby pendants,
 Or the sweet geranium's bloom,
 Though they wither pale and sickly
 In the laborer's humble room,
 Cheer the days of want and sickness,
 Calm the fevered thoughts to rest,
 Better here than in the ball-room
 On some haughty beauty's breast.

And the sunbeam faintly struggling
 Through the darkened cottage pane,
 Speaks as well as when reflecting
 Blazoned pride in solemn fane ;
 And the brook that hummeth peaceful
 With its ever constant flow,
 Speaks as well as the broad river,
 Where the white-winged navies glow.

Chaucer, bard of wit and wisdom,
 Did not seek the garden gay,
 Or the pleasant lawns resplendent
 With the dazzling hues of May ;
 But went forth to seek the daisy,
 In its green secluded nest ;
 For its simple, homely beauty
 Pleased his poet-mind the best.—C. H. B.

From the Churchman.

NOT VERY FAR.

SURELY yon heaven, where angels see God's face,
 Is not so distant as we deem
 From this low earth ? 'Tis but a little space,
 The narrow crossing of a slender stream ;
 'Tis but a veil, which winds might blow aside ;
 Yes, these are all that us of earth divide
 From the bright dwelling of the glorified—
 The land of which I dream.

These peaks are nearer heaven than earth below ;
 These hills are higher than they seem ;
 'Tis not the clouds they touch, nor the soft brow
 Of the o'erbending azure as we deem ;
 'Tis the blue floor of heaven that they upbear ;
 And, like some old and wildly-rugged stair,
 They lift us to the land where all is fair—
 The land of which I dream.

These ocean waves, in their unmeasured sweep,
 Are brighter, bluer than they seem ;
 True images of the celestial deep—
 Fed from the fulness of the unfailing stream—
 Heaven's glassy sea of everlasting rest,
 With not a breath to stir its silent breast,
 The sea that laves the land where all are blest—
 The land of which I dream.

And these keen stars, the bridal gems of night,
 Are purer, lovelier than they seem ;
 Filled from the inner fountain of deep light,
 They pour down heaven's own beam ;
 Clear speaking from their throne of glorious blue,
 Of accents ever ancient, ever new,
 In the glad home above, beyond our view—
 The land of which I dream.

This life of ours, these lingering years of earth,
 Are brighter, swifter than they seem ;
 A little while, and the great second birth
 Of time shall come, the prophet's ancient theme.
 Then He, the King, the Judge, at length shall come,
 And for this desert, where we sadly roam,
 Shall give the kingdom for our endless home—
 The land of which I dream.

From the Morning Chronicle, 23 Sept.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALL Americans unite in assuring us that the grand characteristic of English writers on the United States is amazing ignorance of their subject, and most of them concur in attributing this ignorance to the difficulty experienced by the mere tourist in making his way into really good society. Thus we are told that Captains Hall and Marryat gleaned the material of their books in bar-rooms and country taverns. Mrs. Trollope was the conductress of a Fancy Bazaar at Cincinnati. The mob which constantly followed Mr. Dickens effectually prevented his admission into exclusive circles. Lord Carlisle might have been more fortunate, but his goodness of heart induced him to accept invitations from objectionable people—and so even *he* was tabooed. The only English writer who has actually crossed the inner threshold is Lady Emmeline Wortley Montague; and accordingly her ladyship has seen nothing in the country which is not intensely admirable, from New Orleans to the Canadian frontier.

Intimate acquaintance with the habits of the upper classes being thus a condition precedent to accurate knowledge of a deeply interesting country, every source whence such information may be derived acquires a value peculiar to itself. It was, therefore, not without a thrill of pleasure that, on recently looking through the files of American newspapers—consulted by us originally, alas! for a very different purpose—we perceived that at least five columns of each journal were filled with “fashionable intelligence.” Capitals of the largest size invited our attention to the movements of the *crème de la crème* of American society, which had escaped, it seems, from the intolerable summer heats of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to the grateful coolness of a thousand watering-places, inland and marine. The importance of our discovery increased upon a closer examination. Let no one imagine that the “fashionable intelligence” of our American contemporaries has a single feature in common with its meagre counterpart in an English newspaper. Let no one picture to himself a mere line in the *Aurora*, announcing that Lady C.’s *soirée dansante* is definitively fixed for the 23d inst.—and then, three weeks afterwards, a paragraph which grudgingly informs one that Lady C.’s *soirée dansante* took place last night, that the magnificent suite of apartments was brilliantly illuminated, that the company began to separate about two o’clock, and that “among the distinguished guests present we observed, &c., &c.” The analogous species of composition on the other side of the Atlantic is characterized by amplification, instead of condensation—by analysis, and not by synthesis. The opinions of the observer are given frankly and fully, with the passionless impartiality of a judge, and the copious particularization of a special pleader. Moreover, in reading his remarks, we evidently enjoy the advantage of having the American fashionables described by one of themselves. Whatever interest attaches to the reporter of the *Aurora* is of the kind which, according to the Persian adage, is derived from proximity to the rose; but the American critic has personally chatted with the dandies whom he describes, has whispered soft nothings into the ears of the young ladies whose dress he pulls to pieces, and has even exchanged glances with the *belle* of the evening, concerning whom—but this is to come hereafter. At present,

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we will confine ourselves to avowing that our astonishment at the depth of his penetration into these mysteries is only equalled by our wonder at the playful indiscretion with which he reveals them.

We regret that we cannot give an adequate specimen of our contemporary’s style, our space being insufficient for the length of his words and the involution of his sentences. If we may venture to say so much, we would express a fear that he has corrupted his diction by the too assiduous perusal of Kant and Keats. In fact, the language of the highest poetry is so closely blended in his writing with that of the deepest metaphysics, as to make it resemble nothing earthly—except, perhaps, the vocabulary of the two ladies introduced to Martin Chuzzlewit, of whom it was announced, as an especial recommendation, “that the LL’s are transcendental.” The following extract is not, therefore, intended to be typical, but it may serve to show that the writer whom we are quoting pitches his style tolerably high at starting. It is the commencement of his remarks on two fashionable entertainments—the first, a fancy-dress ball at Cape May, in Pennsylvania—the second, a rout at Newport, in Rhode Island:—

In they came! and, as their numbers were increased, the beautiful lamps, so gracefully disposed among the evergreens, seemed to shed upon the motley multitude an exhilarating and beautifying light. There was a harmony—in fact, a consonance—between the multi-colored lamps and the costumes upon the floor, which produced an effect perfectly charming. Nodding plumes, gay dresses, powdered heads, caps and bells, the eagle feathers of the Indian head-dress, the tinsel of assumed royalty, and the flaunting but admirable ribbons of the peasant girls, counterfeit greatness and counterfeit modesty, were all there; and one disposed to study the picture might find a good lesson in it, for it was not unlike the scene which is to be met with in real life every day.

After some general observations on the world’s society, and fancy balls, the writer goes on to describe the costumes and their wearers. We are bound to say that his language on the former head is considerably more intelligible than the contributions *in pari materia* of the court newsmen to our columns. We extract a few items:—

Miss Chisholm took the character of the Child of the Regiment. Her costume was a white jacket, with scarlet skirt, *inexpressibles*, gaiters, &c.

Mr. Parkinson was dressed in a beautiful costume, representing a French boatman in his holiday rig.

Mr. Tobias appeared as a Spanish private, wearing a costume on which were embroidered figures emblematical of his calling.

Signor Blitz, the celebrated conjurer, was present, attired as a magician. He carried in front a board, upon which to perform feats of magic. He was accompanied by a youngster whom he termed his imp. Wherever the conjurer went he had a crowd round him, and many side invitations were addressed to him to amuse little knots of ladies, who were too modest to crowd around him while in the centre of the room.

Mr. T. B. Peterson wore a Spanish court-dress. Mr. P. is a fine-looking man, and in his costume he looked like a prince of a don.

Mr. Levistein wore a Tyrolean dress, and sung several Tyrolean airs in the course of the evening. Mr. L. has a fine voice, and his vocalization would do credit to a professional singer.

Colonel Wallace appeared as the Count of Monte

Christo. The colonel's tall figure looked more stately than ever, and his conversation made him everywhere an entertaining guest.

Mr. James Parkinson wore a beautiful brigand costume, made for the occasion. The material of the jacket and small-clothes was blue.

Joshua Price, a member of the Society of Friends, and belonging to one of the first families in Philadelphia, was attired as a jockey. He was all life and animation.

Mrs. Townsend, of New York, was present, but, being in mourning, did not enter actively into the festivities of the evening.

At the second entertainment, the critic was precluded, by its nature, from exercising his descriptive powers upon fancy costume. He accordingly fills his communication with details of a very different order. Our readers may possibly find a difficulty in believing the genuineness of the passages which follow; but they must take our word for it:—

Now, as to the fair ones who nightly grace the saloon, it would be hard to say who is unquestionably the belle, as there is always quite a diversity of opinion upon such a subject. However, I feel quite safe in saying that a large proportion of those who are disinterested award the palm to the beautiful and amiable Miss Mary Hyslop, of New York; and I am free to say that I almost acquiesce, all things considered, in this opinion. It is difficult to find all the virtues and accomplishments of the sex concentrated in one fair daughter of earth, man's greatest blessing, yet his worst annoyner. Miss Hyslop is young, naturally gay, very beautiful, exceedingly fascinating, dances like a fairy, looks up at you like an angel, talks like Cupid's fairest daughter, in love's own bewitching language. She is very much admired, and always has a crowd of our sex in her train. During the day, after meals, she may be seen promenading the hall, with several attending upon her—and at other times of the day you may see her making some poor fellow happy, for the time being, by having a little cozy chat with him in the saloon. She has been in mourning for some time, and consequently does not appear often on the floor, in the evening, with the dancers. In the waltz she is very graceful and accomplished.

Miss Ellen Woodbury, daughter of Judge Woodbury, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is decidedly a belle, and many think that she may rightfully contest for the honor of being the belle with Miss Hyslop. Miss Woodbury is very handsome and very popular, dances well, converses delightfully, and is much admired; she receives a great deal of attention.

The three Misses Slark, of New Orleans, are very pretty, excellent dancers, and receive much attention. Two of the sisters so closely resemble each other that it is almost impossible to distinguish them; in consequence of this, a young gentleman made a very funny mistake a few days ago. It seems that he had been conversing with one of them in the morning, and, in the evening, was continuing the conversation, as he supposed; but the entire ignorance of the young lady, of the subject of his remarks, soon convinced him of his mistake.

The two Misses Jarvis of Middleton, Connecticut, are much admired. Their bright eyes and pleasant faces are accomplishing more mischief than they can possibly atone for by a long life of penitence. They even effect more terrible mischief upon palpitating hearts than Colt's famous revolvers. They also receive a great deal of attention, and are remarkably good dancers.

The two Misses Hall, of New York, are very lovely young ladies. The eldest has a sweet voice, and is an

exceedingly accomplished singer; both are graceful dancers, particularly the elder, who floats round the room like a zephyr from the skies. She has an intellectual and good face, and there is a winning charm in her smile which it is difficult to resist. These young ladies receive much attention. I know of several young gentlemen whose hearts are quivering between Miss Hyslop and the elder Miss Hall, and I do not wonder at it.

The Misses Ward, of Baltimore, are as pleasing and receive as much attention as ever. It is said that Miss Ellen will visit the saloon one evening this week, and astonish all with her marvellous vocal powers. An excellent musical critic told me to-day that she hardly has an equal in the country, as an amateur singer.

Mrs. Wetmore, of New York, as usual, attracts and receives a great deal of attention; she is a very graceful dancer and an exceedingly fascinating lady.

The following paragraph would seem to indicate scrupulous accuracy in these reports:—

Mrs. Benson, of New York—whom the agreeable correspondent of the Boston Bee calls Mrs. Renson—is very graceful in the waltz, and has a splendid figure.

We do not wish to offer any comment on the foregoing citations. We do not forget that we are writing of a country which is not our own. Not long ago the entrance to our Opera House was encumbered one evening by a large crowd, and some pickpockets, intent on prey, made a rush into the middle of it. In the confusion which ensued, considerable damage was received by the head-dress of a lady whose toilet was unmistakably Parisian. The victim turning piteously to a gentleman with a magnificent beard, inquired the meaning of the scene and the reason of her sufferings! "*Chaque pays a ses habitudes*," was the calm reply; and so, in the same spirit and in the same words, say we, "*Chaque pays a ses habitudes*."

From the Spectator.

THE FASHIONABLE.

THAT the leading journal of liberal conservatism should devote its columns to criticism on the "fashionable intelligence" of the American papers, is a proof of the degree in which our journalists lack subjects. Not that there is any real destitution of subjects; there are "questions" enough amongst us, "movements," projects, plans, and improvements; but the long talk about them, with so little of action, has made everything stale and irksome almost in proportion to its admitted urgency. The public is like a party looking out of window at a long procession, when some obstruction in front keeps the same objects tediously before the eyes, until that which was the idol of admiration becomes the laughing-stock of ennui. There is an obstruction in front, and the gallant pageantry of "Reform" in all its shapes stands before our window, as helplessly incapable of getting on as the men in armor of a lord mayor's show, or the Cardinal Virtues of an Elizabethan pomp. In such circumstances, the crowd begins to while away the time with jests on something else—anything that is new and convertible into jest; and the Court Newsmen of the Yankee republic is as good a sport as any.

Our philosophical contemporary began, if we remember rightly, with a very grave purpose in this roasting of republican "fashion." Somebody had vaunted the multiplicity of "best possible instruct-

tors" in the United States; on which the English journalist looks into them, sees "fashionable intelligence" by the column, and straightway infers that the American papers are rubbish: especially as the fashionable reporter speaks with impertinent minuteness and familiarity. The process of showing up the Yankee proves to be amusing, and so the English journalist perseveres at it for its own sake—as the youthful Spallanzani of some English boarding-school scoops out a toad's brain from scientific motives, and then perseveres because he finds the antics of the victim diverting. Thus, the *Morning Chronicle* scoops out the brains of the Yankee toadies, and sets them dancing before us.

And it is diverting—at least to us, the English public of the silver-fork school, who are so extremely versed in the refinements of high society. It must be highly diverting to any lord mayor who exchanges evening parties with the prefect of the Seine and the Queen of England indifferently, to see the curious capers which the republicans cut when they become fashionable. It is not only the manner of the reporter, but the thing reported. Here are a few figures from a fancy-ball at Cape May, in Pennsylvania.

One of the things that "riles" the English critic, is the personal feeling which the reporter throws into it; he always hints the "*quorum pars magna fui*:" he will report to you that "the elder Miss Hall" has "a winning charm in her smile which it is difficult to resist;" whence you learn, not only that the stern republican penny-a-liner has tried to resist it, but that he has been conquered; a sort of vanquishing which has its glory—the lovely Hall thought him worth a persevering use of the charm-fixings, and he falls into immortal glory. "*Illâ se jactet in aula*;" the more so as he "knows of several young gentlemen whose hearts are quivering between Miss Hyslop and the elder Miss Hall." These ladies are seen, among others, at a rout in Newport, Rhode Island.

This is amusing—but what then? Is it strange to see lovely ladies, distinguished gentlemen, reporters, and Signor Blitz, mingled in the masquerade? is it unaristocratic? No doubt; but all that is matter of course in a country which is *de jure* and *de facto* democratic. Is it that the manner of the report is provincial? Why, the events were provincial, eminently so. Is it that it is verbose and "quizzical"? Not more so than reports of provincial fêtes at "the great house" in our own country papers. Read the report of the coming of age of the Honorable Edward Spoonbill, in—shire. The account of the Rhode Island rout reads not unlike Miss Byron's tales of the fashionable doings in the days of Sir Charles Grandison. The substance of the thing is pretty much the same all the world over; as soon as the unaffected vanities and enjoyments of the village fête cower under the eye of Mrs. Grundy, or rest their excellence on some competition in the mere *means* of enjoyment, they become ostentatious, tedious, and vulgar. When commonplace minds thus unbend, the character of the relaxation is generally "snobbish." Only in more polished countries, as they are called, a certain perception of any obtrusive snobbishness gradually forces itself on the rapid mind of "good society," and each mannerism is successively vetoed until good manners are reduced to a consistent nul-

lity; "easy deportment" consists in an acquired carriage divested of all impulse or intent; and then, in the reports of festivities that cannot but be "slow," the wearisomeness, as well as any little evidence of inextinguishable snobbishness, is disguised in that blank language which is the bienséance of our fashionable intelligence, and which is well imitated by the *Morning Chronicle*, as a contrast to the contemned republican gossip.

The English plan has the advantage of concealing vulgarity and tediousness in laconic dryness; but is it so relishing? is the Honorable Spoonbill likely to be so amusing as Signor Blitz? is it nothing to sun one's self in the eyes of Hyslop, or to be vanquished by the elder Miss Hall? Give us the democracy, its conjurers, and Olympian graces; instead of a walk through rooms where there is no conjurer and nothing to report—except, perchance, things under the surface that must not be reported.

A BALLOON exploded in the air, at London, on the 8th September; three persons were in it; one of them gives the following account of the affair in *The Times*:—

We ascended steadily, and proceeded with moderate speed toward the river in a south-westerly direction. Mr. Chambers, the person who was permitted by Mr. Bell to become the custodian *pro tem.* of the lives of three persons, was busy waving flags and cutting away some comical figures of paper attached to the car, and I was admiring the wonderful panorama beneath me, when I heard a report like that of a musket above my head, and immediately exclaimed that there was a rent in the balloon; an assertion denied by Mr. Chambers, who had got by this time among the netting, and ordered us to throw out ballast, notwithstanding which we descended with frightful velocity—the houses, churches, and fields getting horribly nearer and nearer every second. Exclamations of "We're all right, we're all right!" half hoping, half despairing, broke from us, followed by an awful cry from one of us at least of "It's all up with us!" Then, sir, we three men in the car stared death in the face for some forty seconds, while Chambers (an old man, but as brave as a lion) had cut the cords attaching the neck of the balloon to the hoop, the consequence of which was that the whole silk flew up to the top of the netting, and formed a parachute.

We were then steady for a moment—then oscillated, (a proof of comparative safety)—then went down, down again, with frightful force. Certain death was now before us; but not one of us lost presence of mind, though I had not the slightest hope of escape; Mr. Chambers was entirely calm and collected. We cut away the grapnel, threw out more ballast, (bags and all on my part,) and descended with a concussion not nearly so severe as I expected, in a market-gardener's field.

I fell on Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Chambers, jr., on me, the bags of ballast on him, and the car over us all; while "the pilot who had weathered the storm," was thrown with considerable violence from among the cordage around the hoop where he had been standing. So much for the accident itself. The cause, I think, lies in a nutshell; and I am loth to allude to it, since it argues a want of prudence on the part of the person who, by his presence of mind, saved our lives subsequently. When we ascended, the neck of the balloon was tied round with a silk handkerchief. On clearing the earth, the balloon ascended to a higher and much more rarified atmosphere; the atmospheric pressure became less; the gas expanded rapidly, and the balloon burst.

VISIT TO HOWE'S CAVE.

[Alluding to the following article from *Sharpe's Magazine*, the *New York Evening Post* thus speaks:]

Few of our readers, we fancy, are aware that, within twenty miles of Albany, there is a vast cave, far exceeding, in its extent and novelty, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, which has been explored over eleven miles; is traversed by a small river, from one end to the other; which contains a deep lake, nearly a mile square, and an amphitheatre of equal dimensions, over which hangs a dome, the height of which has never yet been calculated, but which rockets of the largest size have entirely failed to make visible or to reach.

We have ourselves seen an intelligent gentleman of this city, whom we know personally, and who has visited the cave himself. He confirms the report made by these English gentlemen, and states that nothing can be more startling and impressive than the revelations which were made to him during his excursion. He has seen the great cave of Kentucky, which he thinks possesses a far inferior interest in every point of view.

On the morning of August 7th, 1850, I was one of a party of eight gentlemen who rode over from Sharon Springs to Cobleskill, to visit Howe's Cave. The region through which our road lay presented few features of interest beyond the fact that, as we approached the end of our ride, we noticed that the fields were indented with frequent circular holes, partly filled up with stones and soil. The fancy was expressed that the country had here suffered an attack similar to the small-pox, and had come off with a pitted face. A rude gate-way, with "Howe's Cave" painted on its front, drew us aside from the main road, and in a few minutes we alighted at the house of the great cave-explorer. We found him a pleasant, well-informed Yankee, familiar with the leading facts of geology, proud even to idolatry of his subterranean property, and with a tinge of bat-and-owliness in his visage, which betrayed that he was more at home in doing the hospitalities of his cave than those of his hotel. We had left Sharon before breakfast, and our first item of preparation for the day's work was to fortify ourselves internally with a heterogeneous three-meals-in-one, which opened with coffee and cucumbers, and ended with blackberries, cream-cake, and custard-pie. Howe next threw open a wardrobe containing jackets and trowsers of coarse sacking, made so as to button close to the person. They had already seen much underground service, and were thickly plastered with Stygian mud. We now began to catch the spirit of our adventure, and, throwing aside our broadcloth and linen, we plunged into the overhauls. A cheap leathern skull-cap finished the uniform, and but for a sprinkling of spectacles and pallor, we might have been easily mistaken for a platoon of jolly hod-carriers. It was a matter of lament that we could not have then stood for a daguerreotype, and thus furnished our wives and sweethearts with a new study on the "Philosophy of Clothes."

We were ready now to move, and each armed himself with a tin lamp of the petticoat species, and half a dozen Lucifers, which he was cautioned to keep dry. The mouth of the grotto is not over

fifty paces from the house. Eight years ago, when it was first discovered, the opening was so small that visitors were forced to forego the use of their legs, and for a considerable distance to imitate the locomotion of Eve's seducer. Since then, the entrance has been so enlarged by blasting and removing the black limestone, that one walks in erect. The first feeling is that of exhilaration. It is like entering a new world without undergoing the pangs of death. A cool and delicious oxygen is welcomed to the lungs. The sound of a distant water-fall is elaborated into exquisite music by the echoing arches. As you push forward, the light of your lamp seems to be thrown back upon you by a wall of impenetrable blackness. With the solid rock on either side of you, above and beneath, your desire to know what lies in front soon rises to a delightful eagerness for discovery that would neither stop to see nor fancy a danger. The general features of the cave are soon understood. By some convulsion of nature, which happened far back in the waste of unhistoric centuries, the rocky hills drained by the Cobleskill were rended and fissured in many places. One of these fissures now forms what is called Howe's Cave. A stream of water, often swollen to a torrent, has been rushing through its entire length for uncounted ages, wearing it deeper and broader; while the lime-water, dropping thorough its broken roof, has displayed an amazing ingenuity and patience in the slow work of forming stalactites and stalagmites. In dry seasons, the first three miles of the cavern are traversed with comparative ease. A foot-path has been made alongside the stream, which is crossed, when necessary, on plank-bridges, or by leaping. Even ladies not unfrequently leave their autographs eight miles from the entrance, without meeting with alarm or over-fatigue.

Our visit to the cave was under circumstances less propitious. A heavy rain had fallen the night before, and a second shower commenced at the time of our entrance, which continued from two to three hours. It was remarked by Howe that the cave stream was unusually high. In several places it had already overflowed the path. Especially was this observable in a narrow passage called the Harlem Tunnel, about a mile from the entrance. Yet this caused no uneasiness in any one of our party, and if our guide was disturbed, he kept his alarm to himself. Most likely he felt no alarm; for the moment we parted from the daylight, he appeared a new and different creature. Out of his cave he was awkward and uneasy, like a sailor on pavements; but no sooner were its rocky walls about him than he straightened into a commanding presence, and gave us full assurance that he was at home. The sound of the unseen cataract came to his ears like that of the trumpet to the war-steed. With light limbs and unhesitating step, he led the way to the remote regions of this inner world.

A mile or so beyond the Tunnel brought us to a spot where the loose rocks have dammed the stream, and formed a deep, long pond, which has been appropriately named the Stygian Lake. Our guide now put on a new character. "Portitor ille, Charon." Seizing his ferry-pole, he sprang into a low, long, slimy boat, and beckoned us to follow. We could now help ourselves to a reason why his chin was so badly neglected; why his eyes glared so strangely in the dismal lamp-light; why his back was so partial to a sordid garment. It was that he might personate the Stygian ferryman, so as to fill out the description of Virgil:

Sant lumina flamma :
Sordidus ex humeris modo dependet amictus.

The infernal craft parted from its moorings with six hearty, flesh-eating ghosts for passengers. Six I say, for already two of our number, having either sated their curiosity or exhausted their courage, had slyly slipped away and returned. We stood erect in the boat, as it moved over the sluggish waters. Our Charon soon lighted a flambeau, and, holding it aloft, disclosed a rapid succession of sights which at once amazed and delighted. The cavern was here spanned with roof-work of every conceivable pattern, and the whole was studded with countless stalactites, each differing from another in size or form :

From its curved roof the mountain's frozen tears,
Like snow, or silver, or long diamond spires,
Hang downward, raining forth a doubtful light.

Now we passed beneath a flat ceiling, so low that we could grasp the pendent limlices with the hand. Now there opened in the roof so high an arch that the flame of a torch vainly strove to reach its key-stone. Here the limlices were round and ribbed, like the rattlesnake's tail ; there they had shaped themselves into graceful festoons, mocking the upholsterer's skill. Even animate creatures were imitated with startling accuracy. Infant crocodiles were weeping calcareous tears, and mute birds were roosting on the branches of trees that grew downward, like shadows thrown from the steep bank of a river. On this side stood Lot's wife, petrified in the act of taking the prohibited retrospect. Yonder, the Phrygian Niobe, "whom, like clasping ivy, a stony shroud overgrew, moistened the rocks with her ceaseless weeping."

The Stygian Lake may be half a mile in length, and is soon crossed. Beyond it stretches an immense chamber, called Musical Hall. Its roof is vaulted and groined, like that of a cathedral. Yet no cathedral was ever constructed with the power of playing such fantastic tricks with sound. Our Protean guide here became ambitious, and, like Salomoneus of old, undertook to rival the thunders of Jupiter. His firmament was comparatively narrow, and the fulminating machinery somewhat primitive, but there was nothing contemptible in the reports of his thunderbolts. A heavy plank he raised on end, and, throwing his weight upon it, brought it in sudden contact with the rocky floor. The nearest arches at once caught up the sound, split it into ten thousand fragments, multiplied them into each other until they became a deafening peal, cuffed them this way and then the other way, until they deepened into the angry bellow of an earthquake, and sent them through the long-drawn aisles of immense apartments, until every rock in those miles of cavern was gifted with a voice of thunder. We stood still with astonishment. We had not a syllable to utter ; our small voices were quenched within us by the oceans of thunder that submerged us. If Jupiter Tonans could have found any fault with the report of that fulminating plank, his idea of good thunder must have been different from ours.

A second experiment in acoustics was not less brilliant. Howe had brought a mysterious box under his arm, shaped like a baby's coffin, from which he now took out a violin, and, resigning the insignia of Jove, he stepped abruptly into the character of Ole Bull. Howe, the thunderer, had petrified us into speechlessness, converted us into

momentary fossils :—but Howe, the fiddler, re-executed the old Orphean feat, and made the human rocks caper about him, in wild excitement. His music went to the heels quicker than champagne ever went to the head. It thrilled along the tendon Achilles like electric influence. The chattering of those grave geologists up and down that sepulchral hall, by the dim, weird light of those six petticoat-lamps—"pars magna fui"—was a sight to see ! And the music ! that was an audience never to be forgotten. By the magic power of the place, the humble instrument was transformed into something divine. It was no longer constructed of wood, and glue, and catgut. It was now a thing of soul, and living nerve, and quick intelligence. Close your eyes, and the player was no longer Lester Howe, the cavern guide, but Ole Bull, the wild and wondrous Norwegian. More than this : the ear was not misled with the skill of a single artist, but a thousand Ole Bulls woke the melody of a thousand instruments. Ole Bull made a mistake when he undertook to dramatize the Falls of Niagara with his fiddle bow. He should have tried his hand at Howe's Cave. Here was a fit subject within the grasp of his genius ; and the very place was one that would have exalted, reduplicated, idealized his genius. I can imagine nothing more sublime and beautiful in harmony than a concert in Musical Hall by the mighty artist of Norway.

But we have still four miles of hard walking before us, and we must not tarry. Soon after leaving the boat we are confronted by a pile of immense angular rocks, thrown loosely together, and rising upward of a hundred feet. This difficult pass is inevitable. We can neither go beneath it nor around it. We are obliged to pick our upward way cautiously and slowly. Every step is a study ; every foot of advance is a conquest. For the rocks are wet and slippery. They are intersticed with yawning chasms. A mis-step might end in the splash of a bruised body deep down where the sullen waters complain in the dark. It was a picturesque sight to see our party toiling in a line over these weary rocks, each surrounded by his little space of lamp-light. Seldom was a word spoken. Now and then a loose rock would slip from its perch, and, after bounding from cliff to cliff, with a succession of harsh grating thunders, would find its wet grave in the current below. We began now to appreciate the greatness of our undertaking. The excitement of the first three miles had evaporated ; an enlarged conception of the grandeur of the cavern superadded itself to our sense of weariness, and made us solemn and mute. It was, in one sense, a Sabbath-day's journey—that solemn climbing of the "Rocky Mountains !" The sermon preached by the stones, and the compact darkness, and the funeral waters, told in the words, but with more than the eloquence, of Masillon, that "God only is great !"

At the summit of these rocks was a platform—welcome to our tired feet—which served as an ante-room to various side-chambers, each curious and peculiar. These we had not time to visit.

The sermon of the rocks did not deter us from violating the sanctuary in which it was preached. We had come to geologize as well as to adore, and had brought our hammers and baskets with us, as well as our hearts and ears. We turned iconoclasts in a twinkling, and broke the images of the temple to which but a moment before we were paying devout homage. We atoned dearly for the

sacrilege. While we were wasting the time in cool speculation over the anatomy of a shattered stalactite, the angry waters beneath us were gathering for revenge.

The descent of the Rocky Mountains again brought us alongside the Styx. By this time we were thirsty as well as tired. The water was cool, clear, and inviting. Like Gideon's picked men of old, we lapped it with the tongue, as a dog lappeth, putting the hand to the mouth.

Howe hurried us onward, for reasons which we afterward understood, and we soon reached the "Winding Way," which, on several accounts, is the most singular locality in the cavern. It is formed by a narrow fissure in the solid lime-stone, and has a smooth, dry under-foot. The sides of the fissure are thickly and deeply indented. The indents answer to each other like the teeth of a steel-trap, so that, while passing through it, one keeps dodging from right to left, and back again ceaselessly. There is no visible roof to the Winding Way; but a lamp held over the head discloses, here and there, a rocky wedge, caught in the teeth of this stupendous trap, and threatening ruin to those beneath. A sight of one of these wedges, apparently just tottering to its fall, quickened our steps with something like a general shudder. Beyond this passage there is an immense circular room, so lofty, it is said, that a rocket has been thrown up without reaching its ceiling. The entrance to this rotunda was so nearly filled with water that our guide thought it imprudent to attempt going further. Thinking, doubtless, that students ought to be fond of meditation, he bade us be seated in a circle, and to forbear talking. He then extinguished the lamps, and for five eternal, voiceless minutes, we were entombed in a darkness so profound, that one of the party ventured the opinion that charcoal would make a white mark! We were six miles from the sunshine, and so pleasant was the re-lighting of the lamps, that we showered blessings on the man that invented Lucifer-matches.

At this point the ceiling of the cave was quite low, and covered with autographs and classic symbols, done in lamp-smoke, which showed that undergraduates had been here before us, and that their college feelings had survived the difficulties of the way. Here, as elsewhere, the characters Sigma Phi, Alpha Delta Phi, Psi-Upsilon, &c., were trying hard to out-smoke each other; and here, as elsewhere, it is hard to tell which carried the night. These Greek characters were a tough mystery to Howe. They troubled him more than Geology. He would have them repeated, once and again. I could notice that his lips were busy the while, as if he was trying to fix them in his memory.

Our steps were turned toward the daylight. We had soon wriggled through the Winding Way, and were near the further base of the Rocky Mountains. Before commencing the ascent, our guide told us that the water had risen twelve inches. He had climbed but a few rods, when a dull splurge, a cry, and a struggle in the current arrested his attention. "Hold on, guide! and help your friends. S. has lost his lamp!" Howe turned back with hasty strides, evidently vexed and alarmed. His agitation and words convinced us of what we were before ignorant, that our return was attended with real danger. "The man who drops his lamp is a madman. It should be the last thing surrendered in such a fix as ours." S. needed his lamp more than any other one of the party. He was a pale,

short-sighted student from New York, whose steps had seldom encountered any worse impediment than a crack in the flag-stones in Broadway. He was now taken under Howe's immediate care in the van of the party, and again we moved upward. The summit was safely passed, and the hither side of the rocks was nearly left behind, when there was another splurge, a cry, and a struggle. This time our oracle in geology had fallen—he of the hammer, and the carpet-bag full of rocks. The image-breaker of the sanctuary was getting his retribution.

He remembered that a lamp was worth more than a limb, and by clinging to the former both were disabled. He held fast to his lamp, but could not keep it from the water. It was quenched, and filled with oil's inveterate enemy. His knee struck upon a sharp cliff, and the wound was severe. Matters were now growing serious. There were two lampless adventurers, where light was literally life; one half-blind and the other a cripple. Howe found it easier to get out of his patience than out of his cavern. He gave us a round scolding; bade us keep close together, and be-brother each other as well as we could with light and assistance.

At the hither base of the rocks it was necessary to cross the stream. Howe declared that the water had risen two feet, and on feeling for his plank-bridge, it had been swept away by the current. There was no time to lose. He gave a spring and landed on the opposite bank, prostrate in a soft bed of mud.

We followed him as well as we could; some falling into the water, and all of us getting goodly bemired. Then followed a mile of dreary and tedious pilgrimage. Sometimes, like Christian in the Valley of Shadows, we were walking upon a path with the edge turned up, and deep chasms on either side; sometimes we were crossing narrow bridges with two feet of rushing water above them; sometimes we were clinging to the sides of precipices, like Shakspeare's samphire-gatherers, feeling that sense of danger which sublimates the breathless moment.

It was a glad time when we reached the Stygian Lake, and Charon's occupation came again. The old mud-scow was a floating palace. For the world, we would not founder so precious a craft: so we threw ourselves heels uppermost to drain our boots. Then we sprang aboard, and as the boat parted her moorings, we all sang the Canadian boat-song:

Row, brothers row; the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and daylight is past.

The song appeared to have been written for the very place, and the very hour. As our voices rose wild and strong, mingled in the roar of the near waterfall, and were sent back to us from a thousand echoing vaults and secret chambers, our hardships were all forgotten, and the voyage was one of unmixed enjoyment.

Our spirits kept their elevation until we came in sight of the Harlem Tunnel. This passage is half a mile long, and not more than five feet square. On entering the cave, we had passed the Tunnel on stones thinly covered with water. Now the stream had risen so high that there was only a foot of space between its surface and the roof of the passage. Howe drew near to the opening, and so held his lamp that we could clearly see the torrent rushing through the Tunnel. "There," said he,

"we must either wade through that passage or retrace our steps and pass the night on the summit of the Rocky Mountains." The water was fast rising, and in twenty minutes would fill the Tunnel. Before us were a warm supper, dry bedding, daylight, wives and sweethearts. Behind us, darkness, hunger, cold, wet rocks, and a fearful looking-for of death by flood or precipice. We gave the "onward" word, and followed our leader. The passage was well-nigh a tragic affair, yet we managed to extract fun from it, notwithstanding. We had only to look well after our lights, avoid butting the rocks with our foreheads, and the rest was simple wading. The passage of the Tunnel was the last of our difficulties. We drained our boots, and pressed forward without obstruction. We might have been a hundred rods from the entrance, when our eyes were greeted with a soft, pale-blue light, which grew larger, and whiter, and warmer, as we advanced, until our lamps became dim, and we were again bathed with the glad and yellow sunshine. We emerged from the earth's bowels just in time to see the sun go down. A recent shower had hung the forest trees with heavy water-beads, and below us rolled the Cobleskill with a swollen and turbid flood. The next two hours were filled up with the shifting of garments, the restoring of complexions damaged by lamp smoke, the drying of watches and bank bills, and the quenching of hunger. Dr. E——'s elbow was glad to be released from a basket of Aragonite, weighing some fifty pounds, which he had brought from the Winding Way. Howe held a special thanksgiving at his fiddle's escape from the underground deluge; while there lingered in all hearts,

A deep feeling, like the moan
Of wearied ocean, when the storm is gone.

In one of his well-known odes, Horace celebrates his escape from the wiles of a treacherous mistress, by saying that she has "suspended dripping garments to the potent god of the deep." I have done likewise. I had the simplicity to believe that there could be nothing deceitful, or dangerous, or unamiable, about a cavern. I have a shirt and a pair of pantaloons that will prove the contrary: "Suspendi uvida vestimenta."

DEATH OF ONE OF BURNS' HEROINES.—A Glasgow contemporary records the death of one of the six "Mauchline belles," on whom Burns confers the fame of his verse. "Mrs. Findlay, relict of Mr. Robert Findlay, of the Excise, Greenock, was one of the few persons surviving to our own times, who intimately knew the peasant bard in the first flush of his genius and manhood, and by whom her name and charms have been wedded to immortal verse. When we consider that sixty-five years have elapsed since Burns wrote the lines in which this lady is noticed, and that the six Mauchline belles were then in the pride of opening womanhood, it is surprising that two of them who have often listened to the living accents of the inspired peasant still survive. The fate in life of the six belles was as follows:—Miss Helen Miller, the first named, became the wife of Burns' friend, Dr. Mackenzie, a medical gentleman in Mauchline, latterly in Irvine; Miss Markland we have already spoken of; Miss Jean Smith was married to Mr. Candlish, a successful teacher in Edinburgh, and became the mother of the eminent divine; Miss Betty (Miller) became the wife of Mr. Templeton,

in Mauchline; and Miss Morton married Mr. Patterson, cloth merchant, in the same village. Of the fate and history of 'Bonnie Jean' (Armour) we need not speak. The survivors are Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Candlish."—*Scottish Press*.

DR. JOHN KIDD, the Regius Professor of Medicine of Oxford, died 17th Sept., after a few hours' illness. By his death the University has just lost one of the most active of its men of science, who belonged, by their chief works and labors, to a former generation. Dr. Kidd did good service in his time, as his publications testify, in various departments of mineralogical, chemical, and geological research, and about ten years ago, his last appearance, we believe, as an author, he put forth some observations on medical reform. Dr. Kidd was one of the eminent men selected under the Earl of Bridgewater's will to write one of the well-known "Bridgewater Treatises," and, we believe, it has gone through more editions than any work of the series. The subject was, "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Physical Condition of Man." Together with the Regius Professorship of Medicine, to which the mastership of Ewelme Hospital, in the county of Oxford, is attached, Dr. Kidd held the office of librarian to the Radcliffe Library.

DEATH OF MR. RICHARDSON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Mr. James Richardson, the enterprising African traveller. The melancholy event took place on the 4th of March last, at a small village called Ungurutua, six days distant from Kouka, the capital of Bornou. Early in January, he and the companions of his mission, Drs. Barth and Overweg, arrived at the immense plain of Damergou, when, after remaining a few days, they separated, Dr. Barth proceeding to Kanu, Dr. Overweg to Guber, and Mr. Richardson taking the direct route to Kouka, by Zinde. There it would seem his strength began to give way, and before he had arrived twelve days' distance from Kouka, he became seriously ill, suffering much from the oppressive heat of the sun. Having reached a large town called Kangarrua, he halted for three days, and feeling himself rather refreshed he renewed his journey. After two days' more travelling, during which his weakness greatly increased, they arrived at the Waddy Melaha. Leaving this place on the 3rd of March, they reached in two hours the village of Ungurutua, when Mr. Richardson became so weak that he was unable to proceed. In the evening he took a little food and tried to sleep, but became very restless, and left his tent supported by his servant. He then took some tea and threw himself again on his bed, but did not sleep. His attendants having made some coffee, he asked for a cup, but had no strength to hold it. He repeated several times, "I have no strength," and after having pronounced the name of his wife, sighed deeply and expired without a struggle about two hours after midnight. Early in the morning, the body, wrapped in linen, and covered with a carpet, was borne to a grave which was dug four feet deep, under the shade of a large tree, close to the village, followed by all the principal Sheikh's and people of the district. The Sultan of Bornou has given orders that all respect and honor shall be paid to the grave of the ill-fated British traveller.—*Malta Times*.

From the Daily News, 25 Sept.

THE EXPECTED ARRIVAL OF KOSSUTH.—HIS SERVICE AND CHARACTER.

FROM one day to another, Louis Kossuth may be expected to touch our shores, the land that he so ardently longed to tread, as the sacred soil of liberty and constitutional government. We trust that preparations have been made, in the event of his landing, to give him an honorable reception. One of the most pleasing coincidences of modern times is the complete identity of feeling in the United States of America and in Great Britain on the subject of the Hungarian struggle. The same homage is paid, the same enthusiasm kindled, in those two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, to the noblest stand made for liberty in modern times against tyrannic powers and overwhelming force. That identity of feeling is a hopeful promise that, if the events of Europe should ever take such a course as to present a formidable absolutist league threatening the freedom of England and of the west, this country may find in the generous breasts and strong arms of the American brethren that disinterested and efficient alliance and support, which for centuries we have vainly sought in Europe.

The most striking feature in Kossuth's political life is the smallness of the means employed by him, and his wonderful success. He had but his pen and tongue in the midst of a country of which by no means the whole population sympathized with his ideas of Magyar independence. Like O'Connell, he found the oppression of his country heavy, and when none entertained hope but himself, he undertook the task, devoted himself with the resolve never to flinch from it. O'Connell, however, had a fair field to manoeuvre in. Whilst the Austrians were able to gag Kossuth's tongue in public, and prohibit the press from spreading the productions of his pen, O'Connell had all the aids of publicity, and all the advantages of association. The Irish patriot was emboldened by the degree of freedom, and the rights already granted to his country, to assume the offensive, and to conquer the rest. Kossuth contented himself for the most part with remaining on the defensive, and could he have upheld the constitutional monarchy, would have decided not to advance, or to transgress the bounds of a not very liberal law and constitution.

But the Austrian cabinet under Metternich was not content with leaving Hungary as it was. Its constant effort was to sap the independence of Hungary, nullify its representative system, and centralize its administration. Schwarzenberg himself has done nothing more audacious than was attempted by the old Austrian government, when it sought to replace the local authority of the Hungarian *comitats* by a prefect such as the French Emperor or the Roman Czar might appoint.

Against this Kossuth struggled with the inveteracy and pertinacity of O'Connell. And when Austria sought to manage the *comitats* of electoral districts, by preventing the debates of the Diet from being published, and at the same time preventing the press from appearing, Kossuth actually undertook to inform each *comitat* of what was passing by means of his pen, and without the public intervention of the press.

It has been the aim of Austria, and of the scribes whom it has inspired, to represent Kossuth as a

leader of mere democracy, as a republican of the French school. Never was there a more unfounded charge. The struggle in Hungary was for constitutional government against absolutism; for a constitution with the king of the House of Hapsburg, if possible; but prepared to reject even the hereditary House of Hapsburg, if it resolved to abolish the liberties and the Diet of Hungary. Constitutionalists are surely free to become republicans in countries where monarchy insists on being absolutism.

When the House of Hapsburg, however, or the ministers who represented it, resolved to have the restoration of the monarchy, not with a constitution, as they might have done, and in the support of which they might have made ample use of Kossuth and of Hungary—when they resolved on a recovery of absolute power by military violence, then, indeed, Kossuth did not shrink from meeting the arms of the Austrian empire by the levy of the Magyar. What hardihood it required to take that step, what eloquence to precipitate the national mind into the struggle, what skill to organize military resistance, as well as financial means of supporting it, passes the bounds of an article to show. Suffice it, that the armies of Austria, led by a veteran general, were first baffled and then defeated and driven back to the gates of Vienna in a single campaign.

The intervention of Russia, with an army of 180,000 men, in support of the recruited forces of Austria, reversed the chances of war in the second campaign. And yet, even at the head of 180,000 men, the czar had recourse to bribery, and intrigue, literally buying the general to whom Kossuth had confided the chief army of Hungary into most manifest acts of treachery and surrender. It is no shame to have succumbed under such fearful odds, and under the united absolutism of Europe. Nor can the succumbing be even said to be final, in the face of the grand experiment, so manfully proved, that Hungary was more than a match for Austria, and in single-handed fight had beaten and disgraced the Austrian armies.

Never in any country did a champion of freedom display greater talents, greater consistency, greater courage and perseverance, than Louis Kossuth. Never did any work greater wonders; never, in sinking under the most powerful league that ever was formed of tyranny, did man leave such elements of resistance behind him, ready to rise up for the old cause at the first conjuncture. With their conquest the Austrians have been able to do nothing. They cannot govern Hungary, cannot pacify it. The richest province in the Austrian empire, it does not pay the expense of keeping it. So stubbornly inimical to Austria remains the population, that they have even ceased to consume tobacco and other excisable articles, lest they should contribute revenue to their oppressors. No wonder that the Court of Vienna trembles at the liberation, and at the very name of Kossuth.

Another cause of enhancement to the reputation of Kossuth is, that in an age of revolution he stands unrivalled for all the qualities that distinguish man in that trying period. Germany has gone through a political crisis, which stirred the population from their depths. Yet Germany has not produced a statesman, or a soldier, or even a democrat of mark. She is as barren of individual capacity or eminence as France. In fact, if we regard the sentiment of Europe, we cannot descry one single star in its firmament save the solitary one of Kossuth.

From the Morning Chronicle, 20th Sept.

KOSSUTH AND THE REVOLUTIONS.

In a revolutionary period, the strange reverses which befall individuals are scarcely less striking than the great changes suddenly wrought in the destinies of nations. The successor of St. Peter escaped in the disguise of a Bavarian footman—and the King of the French, under the pseudonym of the ubiquitous, landed at Newhaven a miserable exile. Soon afterwards Guizot and Metternich arrived in London, to contemplate, from a distance, the havoc which their policy had in no small degree contributed to produce. As the revolution advanced, each stage brought more exiles to England; German and Italian refugees sought refuge on our shores, and Louis Blanc and Ledru Rollin found protection in the comfortable obscurity of Leicester square. The newly-acquired popularity of revolutionary leaders waned as rapidly as the power of the great men who had preceded them. The reputations which were acquired during the revolution are, for the most part, faded and gone. Lamartine is now only known as a feuilletonist; and the German patriots have vanished entirely from public view. Opinions will, of course, vary with regard to the amount of mental power displayed by the men of the revolution. They have probably been unfairly appreciated, because of their want of success. The real services which many of them rendered are forgotten, and it is often assumed that the whole class is correctly represented by Ledru Rollin, Kinkel and Ruge. Yet, among the fallen notabilities of the year 1848, there are many whose best efforts were given, and whose political influence was sacrificed, to the object of resisting the anarchical tendencies of the movement party, and of erecting the permanent structure of European liberty. On the other hand, they were often guilty of unworthy concessions to the party of anarchy, and they lacked decision and distinctness of purpose. As yet, it is nearly impossible to judge them fairly; for contemporary criticism is baffled by the calumnies of adversaries, and by the indiscriminate eulogies of partisans.

Within the last few days some striking announcements have been made with regard to several of the principal actors or victims of the late revolution. Prince Metternich, who with difficulty escaped from the vengeance of the Viennese mob, has by this time returned to his palace. M. von Gagern, the moderate leader of the German revolution, and the president of the Frankfurt Parliament, has, we are informed, sold his patrimonial estate in the Palatinate, intending to emigrate to America. Louis Kossuth, the soul of the Hungarian insurrection, and the dictator during the latest period of the struggle, is at length released from Turkish surveillance, and is on board an American vessel. Apparently the principle of Absolutism has triumphed. The return of Metternich to Vienna, which undoubtedly would not have taken place except at the solicitation of the Austrian government, is in some sort an indication of the reactionary policy of the Court of Vienna. It is not, indeed, to be expected that, in these moving times, the old minister will resume the functions which he discharged for nearly forty years. In the eyes of the present government of Austria, his system of administration is as little approved now as it was formerly by the Liberal party throughout the Continent. For the revolution has effected this change in Austria—that the power has gone into the hands

of military leaders. The despotism of Metternich was the refined engine of a skilful diplomatist—that of Prince Schwartzberg is the rough tyranny of an unscrupulous soldier. In the present state of things, Absolutism must be supported by the sabre, or not at all; and for the system of Metternich there is no place, in that contest between military rule and popular rights which is going on throughout the Austrian dominions. The advice and experience of the ex-minister will, no doubt, be always at the service of the court, but his triumphant return will probably be undisturbed by the cares and responsibilities of office. His position is a strange contrast to the fate of the two men who, when he had fallen, exercised the greatest individual influence in Germany, and in the Austrian Empire.

Heinrich von Gagern was essentially the leader of the German movement. From his antecedents, he had gained the reputation of a liberal and constitutional statesman; and when the Parliament at Frankfurt was brought together, there were many who would have preferred him to the Austrian Archduke as the head of the Federal Executive. Unhappily, his recognized abilities and character made him the president of the Assembly; and his powers were thrown away, and his influence wasted, in attempting to enforce parliamentary forms in the convention over which he presided. Moreover, it must be allowed that he did not possess a clear view of the political situation. With unlimited confidence in the German people, and with an earnest desire to create a great and united nation out of the German States, he could not perceive the obstacles which rendered the realization of his scheme impossible, and he was unable to lay hold of and adopt what was really practicable. To him was due the Austrian regency of Archduke John, and latterly the scheme of the Prussian headship; in both of which attempts he failed to achieve what, no doubt, was at one time within the power of the Parliament—viz., to give a representative character to the Federal Legislature. Gagern showed himself throughout to be a sanguine rather than a practical statesman; he might have been a Lafayette or a Lamartine, but not a Cromwell or a Washington. The Assembly at length passed away, and the ex-president, it is said, with a misplaced and wrong-headed devotion to the German cause, became an officer in the Holstein army. The last stage in his eventful history is to emigrate to America—the final refuge of the broken-hearted patriots of Europe. But it must be regretted that, for a man of such acknowledged ability and integrity, there should be no sphere of political activity open in Germany. The flight of valuable citizens is one of the worst results of the reaction.

The departure of Kossuth to the United States, though very different in its circumstances from the voluntary withdrawal of Gagern, is not inferior in dramatic interest. Whatever may be thought of the part which he played in the Hungarian insurrection, he undoubtedly showed himself to be a man of immense power, who knew how to call out the national feeling of his countrymen. Without question, he must have possessed rare gifts; for, when carried from a sick bed into the Hungarian Assembly, he was able to communicate the impulse of his fiery nature to his audience, and to give strength to one of the most important movements in modern history. Afterwards, when a refugee in Turkey, he was with difficulty preserved from

the vindictive persecution of his enemies. And now, after months spent in a constrained residence in a remote Turkish province, he has regained, not his natural liberty, but the right of choosing his place of exile. Such is, to all appearance, the end of the Hungarian dictator—though probably not the end of the Hungarian insurrection. It will be long before the memory of that internecine conflict is effaced, and it is difficult to imagine in what way the Austrian government will be able to wipe out the fearful insult of having invoked Russian troops to coerce the freest subjects of the imperial house. For the moment, the reaction is everywhere predominant. Metternich is restored to his palace, whilst Absolutism, triumphant in Austria, has gained fresh ground in Germany; and the ex-minister himself must contemplate with astonishment the manner in which his system has been adapted to the times. But the period may possibly arrive when what has been done by those who are now exiles will produce results more important and enduring, and more beneficial to the human race, than all that has been effected by the statesmanship of Schwartzberg and the humanity of Haynau.

From the Times, 26th Sept.

MISMANAGEMENT OF COLONIES.

THE Duke of Wellington long since declared that England could not afford to maintain a little war; and, as if to prove and keep before the mind of the public the truth of this assertion, our rulers have, from that time to the present, contrived always to have waging in some part of our territories some petty but wasting hostilities. We have thus painfully acquired an acute perception of the cost and mischief of this species of warfare. Our coffers are gradually but rapidly drained—our dignity and influence are gravely compromised—our colonies are not merely retarded in their advance, but are driven absolutely backward, their wealth being destroyed, their energies crushed, their hopes for the time frustrated; a general sense of uneasiness and insecurity creeps over our outlying populations, which have hitherto reposed in safety under the guardianship of our flag, and the great name of England, instead of being a safeguard and complete protection for her many adventurous sons who have gone forth to extend her empire, her language, and her civilization, to the most distant parts of the globe, draws now down upon them danger, discredit, and disaster. Being Englishmen, and the subjects of England, they are attacked; being attacked, they are not left to their own energies to protect themselves, but are pestered and hampered with a pretended assistance. They are not permitted to do anything for themselves, and England, or rather the government of England, does nothing for them. They are kept in a state of pupillage, subject to all the inconveniences without enjoying any one of the benefits usually attending this dependent condition. In nothing is this harassing treatment so conspicuous as in the matter of self-defence; and, in order to excuse to the people of England this most unwise policy, this most unseemly jealousy of purely English communities, extraneous subjects have been imported into the consideration of it, with which, unfortunately, many prejudices are connected, and upon which it is not difficult to mislead the good sense of the nation. The Colonial Office has most gratuitously attributed to our colonists generally a grasping disposition, so

grasping, indeed, as to render them wholly reckless of justice towards the aboriginal people, whom, by colonizing, they must of necessity displace. In fact, our colonial administration always chooses to assume that, unless protected by the metropolitan government, the aborigines universally would be cheated in traffic by the colonists, imposed upon in every relation of life by force or by fraud, and that by the strong hand they would be quickly and remorselessly swept from the face of the earth. Choosing to endow the colonists with these amiable qualities, our colonial rulers appeal to the country and to Parliament, and gravely and complacently ask if it would be wise, just, or humane to put into the hands of such men a power that might be cruelly abused. The country and Parliament, never for a moment delaying to ask if the premises upon which the argument rests be true, shout in loud chorus with the colonial minister for the time being, who is always a model man—a very shining light of piety, of overflowing benevolence to everybody but the unfortunate Englishmen, who as colonists, are subject to his sway—of intuitive, yet wondrous perspicacity, able to form correct opinions upon matters of which he has all his life been wholly ignorant—and ready and able to give a just judgment after having listened to only one side of every colonial question. We see daily the consequence of this wonderful unanimity, and, at this moment, we have an illustration of the wisdom of such a policy in the present war which is raging over every part of our once flourishing colony of South Africa.

The truth, however, ought to be told on this matter, and the people must be made to listen to it, however disagreeable. It is England and her Colonial Office that are the real wrongdoers, and they add hypocrisy to injustice by attempting to throw the shame of their own misdeeds upon the instruments they employ. The colonists are these instruments. If the policy they are employed to promote be wise and just, then the most effective means of advancing it must be wise and just also. But the fact is, our colonial policy seeks to reconcile things wholly irreconcilable. We seek to do injustice justly—to despoil, yet not to anger or to injure; and, while we rob, pillage, and coerce, we pretend to do our "spiriting so gently," that the sufferers are always, or ought to be, in a state of contented enjoyment. Let us take the very case before us, and follow the steps of our dominion from its commencement in Caffreland to the present hour—let us track our policy through its continued injustice; and then we shall be able properly to admire that self-complacency which blinds us to the wrong we inflict, and to wonder at the perverse ingenuity with which we attempt to shield ourselves from reproach, at the expense of the unfortunate and much calumniated colonists.

"Ships, Colonies, and Commerce," is the phrase employed to describe the long-established policy of England; and when we were dispossessed of our magnificent colonial empire in America we still adhered to our ancient policy, and sought in other regions to rear up another and equally gigantic dominion. When we laid the foundations of a mighty empire in America, we dispossessed without scruple the native red man, who had hitherto been the undoubted lord of that vast heritage. Penn, indeed, attempted to cover this usurpation with the mock formality of a purchase. This, however, was the single exception to the open, undisguised, stronghanded despoiling of the native red man.

We took his country—we slew him if he sought to resist us—and when he was compelled to yield to our superior power, our fatal gifts of civilization completed the destruction which the sword had begun. The red man faded away before the face of the white man, and every rational person must know that the hour is rapidly approaching when the red race shall have entirely disappeared from that great continent, over which it once roamed in undisputed dominion.

Having accomplished this feat in America—having planted securely colonies that were destined quickly to extend from the one great ocean border to the other, we were driven forth from the land by the very communities we had there created. We mourned, indeed—but our mourning was not in consequence of the disastrous fate of the red-man—we grieved because of our own loss. The country we had seized and appropriated was taken from us. Great indeed was our lamentation. But we are not in the habit of indulging in idle sorrow; so we applied ourselves to the task of remedying the loss, and, to this end, searched for new lands on which to plant new colonies. Australasia afforded us one extensive field for enterprise, New Zealand another, and we found a third in the immense territories forming the southern end of the great continent of Africa, an almost boundless region, fit to be the home of civilized men of European race. In all these countries there existed native possessors of the soil; and in South Africa they are numerous, powerful, and intelligent. Into Caffreland certain of the European arts have penetrated; gunpowder and firearms are possessed by many of the native tribes, who are very little inferior to some of the degenerate descendants of European forefathers who now live in a half-civilized, half-savage state, in those vast wildernesses. The natives are a nomade people, and their country, by its climate and character, enables them to maintain immense flocks and herds. These, during summer, are driven to the hills, and feed there till winter compels them to descend, when they are driven to the level country towards the sea, which country during summer is parched and barren, but, by the autumn showers, is made an admirable pasture-ground for the flocks and herds coming from the mountains. Both districts are absolutely necessary to the natives; deprived of either the one or the other their herds and flocks must starve, and they themselves be destroyed. England, nevertheless, quietly takes possession of the level country, and begins to plant colonies, but our rulers shut their eyes to the inevitable consequence. If we determine to colonize this country, we can only do so at the expense of the natives. We cannot hope suddenly to convert a host of wandering shepherds into an agricultural people, and we must, therefore, if we are resolved to plant English colonies in Caffreland, be prepared for the deadly hostility of the natives. We ought, having ousted the Caffres, having first appropriated one vast territory, then another, having at each step of our encroachment perceived that violent and deadly hate raging in the bosom of the native tribes—we ought, long since, to have prepared for the war which has now come upon us. The colonies should, from the beginning, have been organized for defence. They should have been told that their safety, in a great measure, depended on themselves, and they should have been endowed with all the legal powers which such defence required. We have done none of these things. The colonies have been planted as if

they were seated in a peaceful English country, and they are now suffering the penalty which must necessarily attend our shuffling and hypocritical conduct.

From the Morning Chronicle, of 22d Sept.

INVASION OF CUBA.

SINCE the days of the Norman adventurers, history offers no parallel to the recent attempt of the American buccaneers upon Cuba. The expeditions conducted by the early Spanish leaders into the heart of Mexico and Peru, although numerically very weak, possessed all the advantages which ever belong to superior energy and organization. Their enterprises were scarcely so audacious as the invasion, by a handful of Americans, of a wealthy and populous dependency of a European power, which, however fallen from its ancient rank among nations, is very far removed from the helpless barbarism of the aboriginal communities of the New World. That four or five hundred sympathizers should have anticipated a victory over the large Spanish army which they knew to be stationed in Cuba, is a degree of Quixotism that is almost fabulous. They were, no doubt, tolerably well aware of the difficulties with which they would have to contend; nevertheless, they boldly stood the hazard of the die, and ventured to assail an enemy infinitely their superior in force. Courage they showed in the highest degree, as well as that implicit self-confidence which is among the heroic qualities. But the cause in which they were engaged casts a fatal shadow over the whole enterprise. It was not political propagandism, nor religious enthusiasm, that induced Lopez and his daring companions to embark in the Pampero. It may have been, on the part of the Americans, a *quasi* national undertaking, but it was neither more nor less than an act of piracy.

Probably, to the popular mind, the affair presented itself rather as a political speculation, in which financial considerations were not altogether lost sight of. From former experience of the laxity of transatlantic morality, we may reasonably conclude that the prevailing sentiment in the United States is not one of respect for the rights and property of other powers. The Fillibuster party in the southern part of the Union issued scrip upon revenues which were not their own, much in the same way as the repudiating states abandoned the obligations into which they had entered, principally upon the ground that foreigners would be the chief sufferers. A dozen years ago, the sedate Pennsylvanians furnished an unfortunate illustration of American integrity—not having reached that point of prosperity at which public honesty becomes a lucrative investment. The present offenders are furnished by the south and the west; and it would seem that the national genius has ripened under a more genial climate. As compared with the conduct of the repudiating states, the Texan war and the invasion of Cuba are clearly a development. The steady-going gentlemen of the north were satisfied with perpetrating a gigantic fraud, but the more ardent and patriotic citizens of the south attempt a species of burglary on an extended scale. In a word, whatever larenon: tendencies may exist in the Yankee mind become piratical in the neighborhood of the tropical latitudes. But the excess of audacity has been visited with a punishment of corresponding severity. The Spanish government has not proved so easy a victim as the unresisting

bondholder. The invaders of Cuba have met with an effectual resistance, and the colonial authorities have lacked neither zeal nor means to repel the attack. From the first moment of landing, the American force was closely beset with Spanish troops, and, in spite of an obstinate defence, it was broken and dispersed. According to the latest accounts, the matter is completely at an end; for it is stated that Lopez and his remaining followers had been captured on the 29th of August, and that the general was executed at the Havana on the 1st instant. We are further informed that it is the intention of the government to send the residue of the prisoners to Spain. Such is the termination of the second attack made on Cuba by American adventurers.

It is to be hoped that the alleged subsidence of excitement in the United States will be confirmed, and that the government of President Fillmore will be thus enabled to deal calmly with the subject. The American people have no just cause of complaint against the Cuban authorities; for the Spanish commander, in dealing with his prisoners, only followed the precedent of General Jackson, and the offenders had been repeatedly warned that, by engaging in such enterprises, they would forfeit all claim to the protection of their government. If the American general was right in executing the Englishmen taken in Florida, who had incited a tribe of Indians to make war upon the United States, the Spanish government has a much stronger case against its prisoners. The United States have set the example, and they have no title to question the exercise of the extreme rights conferred by the law of nations. The less severe rule which is generally applied in Europe to such matters, may, indeed, justify us in condemning such wholesale judicial massacres on the ground of humanity, as well as of expediency. The ruthless act of the Cuban government may have given rise to a feeling of resentment in the States—it may have excited the hostility of those who would otherwise have unhesitatingly condemned the aggression of their countrymen—and it may have cast a stain on the Spanish name. But it can scarcely become a question between the cabinets of Washington and Madrid. The efforts of the diplomatists of the Union will probably be confined to soliciting a mitigation of the punishment of the surviving prisoners; and a concession of this kind might do much towards removing the exasperation of the Americans, and establishing a friendly understanding between the governments.

But, though we would willingly anticipate a favorable solution of the present difficulty, the gravity of the events that have occurred must not be underrated. Within a very short period, two attempts have been made on Cuba by citizens of the United States; and it is certain that they have met with considerable support in the Union. Popular demonstrations, and all the usual machinery of agitation, have been set in motion on behalf of the aggressors, and funds must have been largely subscribed for the undertaking. On each occasion the federal executive has failed to prevent the departure of the buccaneers; and a friendly government has, consequently, been exposed to lawless attacks, and has been compelled to incur considerable expenditure in preparations for defence. At the same time the president continues to give assurances of his intention to persevere in the policy of his predecessor, and to preserve friendly relations with Spain. But official communications are strangely

contradicted by the acts of American citizens; and although the president and his advisers are doubtless perfectly honest in their intentions, the fact remains—that a grave breach of international obligations has been twice committed. And, as it is more probable that a similar attempt may be made at some future time than that the executive of the republic will become more powerful to restrain the passions of its citizens, it is the concern, not only of Spain but of other European states, to provide against such infractions of public law. It must also be remembered that the annexation of Cuba might, at any time, in the combination of political parties, become a popular cry—it might form part of the whig or locofoco ticket in a presidential election—and then the mischief would be done. Another president may be less moderate and conscientious than the present, while Cuba will still retain all her attractions for American acquisitiveness. Here is the obvious danger—a danger which will not be removed unless the federal government enter into positive engagements with other maritime powers to respect the colonial possessions of Spain.

There are, however, obstacles to any such arrangement. The Americans are peculiarly jealous of the intervention of European powers; and anything that could be construed into dictation, or intimidation, would render further negotiation out of the question. It may also be observed that, in all questions with European governments, the principle of American diplomacy is to delay a settlement as long as possible, in order that the rapid development of their power, and the aggressive activity of their citizens, may enable them to gain more favorable terms. Yet, with regard to Cuba, the federation has a distinct interest in giving guarantees for the future, and in inviting foreign powers to be parties to the transaction. So long as the acquisition of that island remains an open question, the policy of the Union with reference to slavery and the extension of slave states must continue undecided. It would be of no little value with respect to the political security of the United States, abroad as well as at home, to disarm the suspicions of foreigners, and to put an end to the hopes entertained in the south of extending the influence and enlarging the resources of the slave-holding interest.

From the Times, Sept. 24.

EUROPE GOING TO AMERICA.

WHAT has appeared to be the extraordinary emigration of the last five years continues unabated, and promises—or shall we rather say threatens!—to be the permanent drain of the British population. The number of immigrants at New York alone for the first eight months of this year has been 192,836, against about three fourths of that number last year. To this must be added the numbers that still go by the route of the St. Lawrence, and the increased emigration, of which there are symptoms already in the port of London, to our Australian colonies. Though it is true that many of these are Germans, and that some thousands arrive at New York every year direct from Bremen and other continental ports, still, by far the greater part are our own people. As for Ireland, what we see there is absolutely without parallel in history; and there is nothing like it, even in fable, unless it be that vast and impatient multitude which Æneas is related by the poet to have beheld on the shores of the Styx:—

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo
 Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
 Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
 Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis,
 Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
 Tendebantque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.
 Navita sed tristis nunc hos, nunc accipit illos,
 Ast alios longè summos arceat arenâ.

Everywhere we are told the farmers are flitting with the produce of their crops, and the laborers with their wages for harvest work. Employers have been forced to pay this year a trifle more than heretofore; and it now appears that, so far from this proving a temptation to remain at home, it will only increase the difficulty next year. Though this is the most unfavorable season of the year for emigration, the terrors of a stormy passage and an American winter seem to be lost on people who feel that no ocean or soil can ever be so inhospitable as that which has given them birth. The railways are loaded with emigrants, who, on their arrival at the port, race to the ship as if flying for their lives. Fortunate are they who are not left on the quays, to linger for weeks in the hope of another vessel. It is not merely the bone and sinew, the rude material of industry, that is betaking itself elsewhere. Many of the vessels are freighted with a superior class, carrying often not merely their savings, but all the qualities also that belong to their position.

When an emigration such as this has gone on for five years, it becomes a matter of great interest to inquire how long it is likely to continue, and what will be its probable effects on the country that suffers this drain? As to the first of these questions, it is reasonable to suppose that so long as the United States offer the advantages they now do, so long as the transport is so cheap and expeditious, and so long as British labor suffers its present difficulties and burdens, there will be no diminution, but rather an increase, of this wonderful movement. Unless the United States should quarrel among themselves, or any other great calamity should befall them, they must every year become more and more capable of accommodating and employing the stranger. Their greatest progress has hitherto been in chief lines of communication, and other such works, which most contribute to future prosperity and grandeur. By means of those lines the valley of the Mississippi and the shores of the lakes are now brought as near to New York as if they were actually within sight of it; and soil, which, twenty years ago, was untrod, is now traversed by a thoroughfare of nations. At this day, throughout the greater part of the United States, the cry is still for more hands; and, as production is still rapidly increasing, it is evident that it must be long before there are too many mouths. As to the means of transport, every year new lines of ocean steamers are projected, of increased capacity and speed, at decreasing fares; so that it is not improbable that before long a twelve days' passage will be brought within the means of the common run of emigrants. Meanwhile, many lines of first-class sailing vessels are profitably employed in the service, and every week during the present year vessels of the largest size might be seen in our docks fitting up for emigrants under the eye of the government inspectors. If it answers the purpose of several thousand Germans every year to take a passage to this port, and to be at the cost of a residence here for some days or weeks, in order to avail themselves of our ships, it is clear that the British

are long likely to possess the greatest facilities for emigration in the world. As for the causes at home which have imparted to the present emigration its melancholy character, as a flight from personal difficulties and national ills, whether they are likely to continue, or even to increase, is a question of great delicacy. Not to go further into it, we may reasonably doubt whether within the next twenty years the pressure of circumstances will be so materially reduced as to affect the calculations of the would-be emigrant, or whether the avenues to wealth and position will be so much widened and smoothed as to diminish the contrast supposed to exist in this respect between British and American society. The institutions and customs of this country are all adapted to the supposition of a vast difference of classes—a lower class, redundant, necessitous, ignorant, and manageable; an upper class, wealthy, exclusive, united and powerful; and a middle class struggling to emerge from the lower, and attach itself to the upper. This supposition must long hold good, and will probably reign as an opinion even after it has been considerably qualified as a fact; but, whether as a fact or an opinion, it will long exercise a repulsive influence on the poorer, the less fortunate, and the more struggling classes, and will drive them to seek their fortunes where society is imagined to be clearer of such barriers and distinctions.

Should this emigration continue at the same rate for the next twenty years, it cannot but have important effects on this country. As it happens, the number happens almost exactly to tally with the natural increase of our population, so that a continued drain to this amount, and no more, would leave our population at a stand. Such a result, it might be supposed, is both natural and desirable. For a long time it has been firmly believed that we labor under a redundancy of population, and that, in one island at least, we could well dispense with very large masses. Accordingly emigration, even to its present unprecedented amount, has been hailed as the very remedy our condition requires. Nothing is more likely, however, than that the experience of an opposite state of things—such an experience, in fact, as that we are now likely to have—may disabuse us of this idea and may prove that a country such as ours requires what is called a redundant population. An inexhaustible supply of cheap labor has so long been a condition of our social system, whether in town or in country, whether for work or for pleasure, that it remains to be seen whether a great enhancement of labor would not disturb our industrial, and even our political arrangements, to a serious extent. Two men have been after one master so long, that we are not prepared for the day when two masters will be after one man; for it is not certain either that the masters can carry on their business, or that the men will comport themselves properly under the new regime. A great rise in the price of labor will affect the naval and military service, public works, the principal branches of national industry, the cost of conducting railways—in fact, every department of public or private business. It does not follow that the present state of things will continue because population will be at a standstill. Commercial enterprise and social development require an actually increasing population, and also that the increase shall be in the most serviceable, that is, the laborious part of the population, for otherwise it will not be sufficiently at the command of capital and skill. These considerations assume

no little gravity with the prospect before us—when we are threatened with a population, not increasing, perhaps even diminishing in the aggregate, while the most useful, that is the working class, is continually becoming less numerous compared with the rest. Doubtless a limited supply of labor may be met, to a very great extent, by the many new inventions for economizing it; but it is scarcely credible that a country which has enjoyed so long a superabundance of labor should be able at once, without inconvenience, to adapt itself to a totally different state of things. Man has not had his proper value in these islands for the last half-century. It may be for the ensuing half-century to correct, perhaps very emphatically, the error of the past.

From the Spectator.

NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING 27TH SEPT.

THE consequences of the discovery of gold in New South Wales have become the subject of anxious speculation and conjecture. There does not appear to be much reason to apprehend from it any sensible derangement of monetary relations and exchanges in the commerce of the world. Its results for the social condition of the Australian colonies and the mother-country, and for their mutual relations to each other, are what awaken forethought of a grave character.

Had the past and present administration of our colonies by the imperial authorities been of a nature to promote their prosperity and dispose them to obedience, there would have been fewer grounds for apprehension. But the past administration has called into existence the Australian Convict League, which has transmitted to the colonial minister, by the last mail to England, a solemn protest against his proceedings, charging him with breach of faith, and a declaration that they are resolved by all the means in their power to thwart and counteract the system of convict-transportation. If anything can justify such a defiance of constituted authorities by associated citizens, it is the evil that the convict system has entailed upon Australia; and the numbers of the leaguers, their diffusion in affiliated societies throughout the colonies, the funds they have at their command, and their fearless language, show that consciousness of this has inspired them with courage and energy. The discovery of the great gold-deposit of Australia has, therefore, fallen in a time when the number of transported convicts undergoing sentence or recently emancipated renders the preservation of order difficult and problematical, and when the sense of intolerable wrong has stirred up the honest portion of the community to insubordination. The promptitude of the governor of New South Wales to assert an exclusive claim to the treasure-trove on the part of the crown, without recognizing the principle that the title of the crown is only a right in trust for the general good, has, combined with the recollection of the first proceedings of the crown officials in South Australia when the copper-mines were discovered there, and with the obstinate refusal of ministers to subject the civil lists of the different colonies to their local legislatures, begotten an impression of administrative rapacity in the minds of the colonists.

But for these untoward facts, a reasonable hope might have existed that the orderly working of the

Australian gold-field would have presented a favorable contrast to the fierce, scrambling, and gambling spirit which has characterized that of California. In existing circumstances, however, there is but too much reason to fear that New South Wales may be California over again. It is acknowledged on all hands, that the proclamation of the governor, asserting the crown's exclusive right to the gold, is a mere protest—a formal reservation of the crown's right, until such time as a sufficient force shall be placed at his disposal to give it effect. The search for gold will be carried on irregularly, in defiance of the proclamation. The lawless and violent characters with whom New South Wales and the adjacent provinces have been inundated by the system of convict-transportation will flock to the new El Dorado. The rich deposit will be unthrifly excavated, and lavishly scattered abroad without concern for the public good; and the region will become a scene of fierce passion and violence. The course of regular industry in the neighboring districts will be interrupted. The treasure, which prudent management might have made a blessing to Australia, will in all likelihood prove for many years a curse.

For the colonies the evil will be temporary; the loss to the mother-country threatens to be more enduring. Any attempt to enforce the claims advanced in the governor's proclamation is sure to be met with resistance. Will the imperial government send out additional troops to New South Wales to fight with the colonists for the possession of the gold-mines? Or, if it do, will not the malcontents on account of convict-transportation, and the discontented with the new constitution, make common cause with the squatters in the gold region? Already the news of an El Dorado in Australia has sensibly augmented the preparations for emigrating thither from this country; and as Englishmen to California, so Americans will flock to New South Wales. The population of that colony is on the eve of receiving a large and sudden augmentation, and the proportion of the new settlers hostile to dependence on England will be unprecedentedly great. The ties that connect the colony to this country are about to be weakened if not broken, and that at a time when doubts begin to be entertained whether emigration has not at this moment in Great Britain reached the limit beyond which it is not to be regarded as natural and healthy. In Ireland complaints are heard that it has already reduced the numbers of the peasantry beneath what is required for agricultural purposes; and even from the rural districts of England there have been murmurs of difficulty experienced in completing the labors of the harvest, occasioned by deficiency in the wonted supply of labor from Ireland. Dimly shadowed in the future, is shown curtailment of England's territories abroad and depopulation at home.

These evil omens might perhaps be averted. By placing the new-found wealth at the disposal of the colonial legislature, for purposes of public utility, the interests of the colonists might be enlisted in the cause of a judicious system: by a well-ordered management of the mines, and by the removal of such grievances as convict-transportation and fixed civil lists, the growing hostility against English suzeraineté might be arrested. But neither the past conduct of our colonial administrators nor their present temper, as far as can be gathered from the most recent indications, warrant any hope that so wise a policy will be followed.

Mr. ABBOT LAWRENCE, the American Ambassador, has been making a visit of pleasure to the western coast of Ireland; and the leading citizens of the towns which hope to see direct communication between Ireland and America from some coast-point near to themselves have vied in paying him flattering attentions; so the journey of pleasure has been made a sort of public progress, and has even had the air of a demonstration by the Irish in Ireland, and a stroke of policy by the ambassador of the American Irish in his own country. The most enthusiastic demonstrations began with Limerick, where the ambassador arrived on Thursday last week, after Galway and Athlone had been passed with comparative privacy. The corporation and chamber of commerce presented him with an address. Lord Monteaule accompanied the mayor at the head of the deputed bodies. Mr. Lawrence made the following reply:—

"I had no other views, when I left my mission in London, than to possess myself of that information which I believe may be valuable to me as an individual, and that I can make valuable to my countrymen at home. I am well aware that many projects for the improvement of Ireland have been proposed in different parts of the island for further and more intimate communication with the United States. As I was in Ireland—as I am in Ireland—and as I had an opportunity of visiting one of the most distinguished and prominent harbors in Ireland, it seemed to me, independent of a desire to have a bird's-eye view of this ancient and interesting city of Limerick, that I should come here and look at the harbor of Limerick; and that I should go from here to Cork, or any other place that should promise to promote easy intercourse with the United States. I know the feeling—I suppose I know something of the feeling—that exists all over this island to improve the condition of Ireland. I believe it pervades all classes of the people; and I believe, too, that the great mass of the Irish people have the kindest feelings towards the citizens of the United States; and well they may, for I need hardly state that in Ireland there is not a man, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, who has not some relation at the other side of the water. I can stay here but a short time. I should then be glad to see the celebrated Lakes of Killarney, the county Wicklow, and some other portions of Ireland. I will stay here as long as I can; and I do assure you that I feel extremely flattered, not only as the representative of a great nation who has all the sympathy that Irishmen could desire for Ireland, but I thank you on behalf of my country for the kindness with which you have received me here to-day."

The citizens invited Mr. Lawrence on Friday to take a trip down their noble river Shannon, and observe for himself the advantages of Foyne's Island for the Transatlantic packet-station. They provided two steamers for the company who were anxious to have the honor of accompanying him, and the engines did their work to the music of military bands. Lord Monteaule was again of the party; together with Mr. Monsell, M. P., Mr. Gould M. P., The Knight of Glyn, Sir Matthew Barrington, Mr. Stephen de Vere, Colonel Vandeleur, and many other notables. For the special examination of Foyne's Island, Mr. Lawrence and Lord Monteaule got into a small open boat, and made a subsidiary voyage of close inspection. Afterwards the trip was completed by making a circuit round Inniscattery, or Scattery Island, at

the mouth of the Shannon; and from the back of the island Mr. Lawrence beheld the Atlantic rolling in and sinking as if in majestic obeisance to the representative of American power on European shores. Artillery salutes were fired from the castle of Glyn, and the peasantry were there seen marshalled with banners and music to salute the ambassador. The return voyage was prosecuted by Mr. Lawrence only to Mount Trenchard, Lord Monteaule having secured him as a guest for that night.

An Auckland letter, dated the 20th April, describes an émeute of the Maories, which had startled the town, but been promptly suppressed by the authorities. Many of the Auckland police are aborigines. In a street scuffle to arrest a thief, a great chief, rendered sacred for the time by the "tapu," was knocked down by the baton of one of the police, and was hurried to the lock-up. The policeman was one of the lowest class of natives—"in fact, a slave," and the insult of his touching the chief when he was rendered untouchable by the mystical "tapu" was a sacrilege. The tribes in the neighborhood of Auckland assembled in immense force, danced their war-dance, and demanded the Maori policeman to be adjudged to death and executed according to their law. Sir George Grey promptly called out all his forces, ordered in her majesty's ship *Fly* to be ready for action, and notified to the savages that if they did not embark in their canoes in two hours he would give them the *Fly's* whole broadside. They felt that they were over-matched, and so cleared off in a single hour. On two subsequent days they again congregated, but were again overawed and dispersed. At the date of the letter it was felt that the crisis was past.

The map of France, which was begun in 1817, is not yet finished. It is to contain 258 sheets, of which 149 are already published. There yet remains five years' work in surveying, and nine years' work in engraving, to be done. The total cost will exceed 400,000*l.* sterling. Up to this time 2249 staff-officers have been employed in the work.

In May last, a court of law at Douai pronounced a judgment against the Northern Railway Company, for an infringement on the privileges of the post-office, in having carried a sealed packet containing papers relating to a lawsuit. This decision has been reversed by the court of cassation, in a judgment declaring that such documents do not fall within the description of letters and papers for the transport of which the post-office has a monopoly, and that the railways may lawfully carry them, although sealed, provided the contents are indicated on the envelope.

A good joke is related of an old Highland woman, who came trudging an immense distance over the hills, having heard that Lord John Russell was to be at the kirk on Sunday last. What, thinks the reader, was her errand? She had heard that Lord Johnny was the Prime "Meenister" of all England, and she "expectit to hear him hold forth in a shoobleeme discourse."—*Inverness Courier*.—[We distrust the "shoobleeme."]

A NEW scheme for obtaining a full audience has been successfully tried at Dublin. A cottage piano,

a corneopane, an accordion, and other instruments, were distributed as prizes among those who took tickets of admission. The concert is described as not of the first order, but the audience were quite satisfied with the excitement of the lottery.

THE splendid two-year-old horse Hobby Noble has been sold by Lord John Scott to Mr. Merry for the unprecedented sum of 6500 sovereigns.—*Calcutta Mercury*.

IN Naumberg a man named Mahner is preaching the necessity of a new regeneration, not in the spiritual, but the physical sense. He warns a sickly race that it must return to the lost state of "primitive health," as the means of more fully enjoying life and attaining a patriarchal old age. It is to be secured by a diet of bread and water, going barefoot, and letting the hair and beard grow; in short, making a nearer approach to man's original state in costume than the decencies or prejudices of modern society will altogether permit. On this topic he has been lecturing to a chosen few; but his doctrines do not seem to take; bread and water not being tempting, even with fourscore years promised as the prize of self-denial.—*Times Correspondence*.

TARDINI, an aéronaut, made an ascent, on Sunday the 14th September, from Copenhagen, accompanied by a lady and a child. Intelligence arrived the next day that the balloon had descended in Mecklenberg with the lady and child, but not with Tardini. Some time after, the dead body of the unfortunate man was found near Kallebodstrand.

WHAT can be regarded as more unattractive than the announcement of a drama constructed for the purpose of showing "Yankee eccentricities"? Some ten or twelve years ago we were literally dosed with Yankeeisms; no kind of wit was so abundant as that hybrid between the Irish bull and the Munchausen tale, which is distinguished by the name of Jonathan. Not only did American actors represent Transatlantic peculiarities, but English comedians rivalled them in their line; and a school of humor which was confined to one person or so, in the days of the elder Mathews, found followers in every quarter. Night after night did all sorts of audiences roar at legends of an oyster which was so large that two men were required to swallow it, and of a winter which was so severe that ice-creams were milked from the cows. But new legends came in after the war had subsided, and the "fun" of the first year became the "bore" of the second. What hope, then, was there for a Yankee farce called *The Forest Rose and the Yankee Ploughboy*, produced at the Adelphi on Tuesday—especially when we take into account the fact that it is as clumsy a piece as dramatic inaptitude could accomplish! None whatever, had the actor who sustained the principal character evinced one degree less humor than Mr. Silsbee, who made his London début on the occasion. Far from being infected with that weakness which is the ordinary failing of American comic actors, who become timid to avoid being coarse, he is one of those performers on whom strong drollery is so palpably stamped that they exact a laugh as soon as they are seen. The jokes he has to utter are of the oldest Yankee school; his "Cape

Cod reel" is very like Mr. Hackett's dance in *The Kentuckian*; but he rattles off his pleasantries with an air of quiet gravity, and with a sense of unctuous enjoyment, that render them really delectable, albeit some of them are coarse beyond the received limits of good taste. In a word, Mr. Silsbee is a genial original actor; who, possessed of a native fund of unobtrusive humor, has evidently devoted himself with the utmost care to the line of character he has selected for his exertions.

From the Examiner.

A NEW and apparently very genuine American actor and humorist has made quite a "hit" at the Adelphi Theatre this week. The *Times* thus cleverly describes him:—"Mr. J. Silsbee, an American delineator of 'Yankee eccentricities,' is probably the best actor of his class ever seen by a London public. Mr. Hill, whose line of character he adopts, was smart and lively, but small in his style; whereas Mr. Silsbee's humor is large, unctuous, and broad. He is grave without being dry, and the solemnity of his countenance, as abundant Yankeeisms roll from his tongue, is one of his most amusing peculiarities. Nature has done much in qualifying him for a low comedian. His face is large, and capable in itself of exciting the risible muscles, and his thickset figure is susceptible of the most ludicrous make-up. His dialect is the broadest that has yet been heard, and his articulation is so rapid, that, though he has a sonorous voice, great attention is required to catch the whole of his words. His effect on the audience was immense. A roar greeted his entrance, and a roar accompanied him throughout his performance. This is of itself an evidence of rare merit, for Yankee peculiarities have almost been done to death, and with an inferior actor would be all but intolerable. In Mr. Silsbee's manner there is, however, such evident originality, that he imparts freshness to a school of drollery which was fast becoming ineffective. The piece in which he plays, and which is entitled *The Forest Rose and the Yankee Ploughboy*, is not ill written as far as regards the part assumed by Mr. Silsbee, a cute rustic in the vicinity of New York, who knows everything, particularly the art of love-making, and keeps a shop at which everything is sold. He tells droll stories, he has an overwhelming stock of the class of metaphor called 'Jonathanisms,' he coaxes the unwary out of small sums, and he dances furiously in the 'Cape Cod Reel'—a wild Terpsichorean exhibition, which was enthusiastically encored. At the conclusion, Mr. Silsbee, in answer to an universal call, made his appearance, and delivered a short speech, in which he still retained his Yankee manner. He expressed his gratitude for the warm reception he had met, apologized for a cold, hoping to be 'stronger and slicker' another time, and wound up with a general benediction, amid renewed shouts of applause."

Travels in North America. By Charles Lyell. New York: John Wiley.

This volume contains rather the records of Mr. Lyell's geological observations, than the results of his travel, but it is quite as interesting as, and far more useful than, most books of travel. There are, however, a great many personal incidents mingled with his more scientific descriptions, which give a zest to the narrative.